



THE
GALLERY OF PICTURES

BY

THE FIRST MASTERS

OF

THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOLS,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL DISSERTATIONS

BY

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GALLERY OF PICTURES.

MADONNA AND CHILD.

(RAPHAEL.)

THIS celebrated chef d'œuvre of the "Prince of Painters" forms one of the chief attractions of the magnificent gallery of the Pitti Palace at Florence. In the midst of a collection of the choicest works of the Italian masters—*Correggio*, *Guido*, *Andrea del Sarto* and others, as well as one or two of the finest productions of *Murillo*—the eye, or rather the mind, still reverts to it, as being invested with a certain grace, tenderness, and refined beauty, beyond many of the works even of the divine master himself. We remember contrasting it with a fine picture of the same subject by the celebrated Spanish painter above alluded to, which hung in its neighbourhood. The one was a representation of a peasant woman and child, of the ordinary class, exquisitely done, perfect in truth and colour, but wanting that ideal grace—that intense feeling, which, though the original of Raphael was also, in all probability, a woman of the lower class of Roman life, is thrown into every portion of this exquisite work. In the head of the Madonna we have here embodied the very ideal of the virgin mother of Christ as described in the lines of Wordsworth:

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed
With the least shade of thought to sully;
Woman, above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast,
Purer than foam on central ocean's tost;
Brighter than Eastern skies at day-break strewn
With faded roses than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast."

Her intense look as she nestles in her bosom the infant Jesus, is that of the mother who, conscious of the great destinies of her child, dimly

foreseeing, perhaps, the sufferings that awaited him,—“the sword that should pierce through her own bosom,”—ponders in her heart thoughts that cannot be imparted. The head of Jesus, without departing from ordinary nature, has also an expression beyond the common type, as though the sense of future events cast before their shadows over the face of childhood.

The clear, pale, spiritual complexion, so finely brought out by the varied dyes of the half oriental dress, is one of the finest pieces of colour to be met with among Raphael's works, and contrasts singularly with the brilliant and tender red and white of Murillo's picture of the same subject. The one is common nature, the other nature finely selected and invested with an expression that none but a master of the highest feeling could conceive or impart.

Raphael was born at the period when art and literature were revived in Italy. The hard style of the Byzantine painters, exclusively occupied with scriptural subjects, was gradually improved by the genius of Italy, the same religious feeling and choice of subjects prevailed. The progress of art was carried forward by the illustrious masters of the early Florentine school, but it was in the time of Leo the Tenth that it attained its perfection. The names of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael, would alone confer undying fame upon this era. The works of all these masters, give signs of their style having been gradually perfected by constant study and observation of nature, and a generous emulation of each other. For the union of many qualities, each of which may, perhaps, be met with in the works of his contemporaries, and for a divine feeling and grace original and inimitable, Raphael by the voice of his fellows, as well as the award of posterity, is placed above all rivalry in the highest department of art.

His early manner, formed after Pietro Perugino, was hard, but his genius soon broke from these trammels. The picture which has occasioned these remarks is a specimen of his later style, in which both expression and colour are carried to a high degree of perfection.



8. And he said, Hagar, Sarai's maid, whence camest thou? and whither wilt thou go? and she said, I flee from the face of my mistress, Sarai.

9. And the angel of the Lord said unto her, Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands.

10. And the angel of the Lord said unto her, I will multiply thy seed exceedingly, that it shall not be numbered for multitude."

There is little of the desert in the composition; the land looks fruitful and well watered, and a bevy of shepherds and maidens, dancing to lute and dulcimer, would be more in keeping with the scene. It is painted in Claude's most happy and finished manner, and is the admiration of all who know what art and nature are. That exquisite delicacy of execution praised by Hazlitt may be found here—those "fine oleaginous touches of Claude" admired by the impetuous Barry. All the compositions of this great painter are remarkable for a certain poetic dignity of conception as well as brilliancy of handling. His dewy air and his agreeable sunshine—the graceful elevations of his temples—the sloping ascents and tower-crowned summits of his hills—his pure running streams and his almost breathing flocks—and his growing woods and his delicious greenswards, where the scent of flowers and the song of the grasshopper without question abound, have exhausted praise and are not amenable to criticism.

It has been remarked of the landscapes of Claude, that they represent scenes where civilization has exerted its influence; where architecture has reared her temples, and nature, recalled from a state of unpruned wildness, is producing the pine-apple and the grape. This is only to say that he differs from some other painters: he had no sympathy in savage grandeur and rude magnificence, the terrible clouds of Wilson, and the immortal mountains of Poussin were not within the circle of his genius; his soul was with the lovely and the serene—with the rising and the setting suns of summer and harvest, when the hills are covered with flowers, and the smell of pressed grapes is in the land. We cannot look on his scenes and be unhappy; neither robberies nor murders are in keeping with the heavenly air of his hills and valleys; he desires not to remind us that wrong and injustice are in the world: his very storms are more agreeable than the sunshine of others; and the living creatures who are moistened with his gentle rains, receive them as a sort of benediction.



as also to the different seasons of the year. The trunks of his trees are particularly laboured, and the reflections of objects in the water are wonderfully transparent." In these peculiarities Waterloo resembles Crome of Norwich; they are both eminently skilful in their scenery where woods grow and waters run: to them each tree presented a something of individual character; the bright silvery bark of the birch, the wrinkled stem of the elm, the gnarled boughs of the oak, and the glossy bark of the fir, were all as different in their eyes as they are in nature; even the colour and shape of the leaf was attended to. Some of the landscapes of Waterloo are without figures, and this has brought a charge against him of inability to execute them in the spirit of his groves and streams. Some of our artists see the pencil of Cuyper in the horse and rider of the scene before us, and certainly there is something of the ease and air of that eminent painter about them. His biographers say that he employed the hand of Weenix in this part of the work; but of a man whose birth-place, mode of study, and residence were matters rather of conjecture than certainty, it cannot be safely said that he employed other hands than his own in his compositions.

Waterloo seems not to have caught the eye of Reynolds during his visit to the Dutch galleries, for he has not once alluded to him; his pictures are nevertheless high in public estimation, are rarely to be met with, and like most rare things bring high prices in public sales. The painter, it is said, lived an irregular life, and so produced few pictures; but this may have been owing as much to his love of drawing and etching as his fondness for fine company, and the presence of the wine-cup. His etchings are masterly. On the whole, Waterloo is not one of those who startle and astonish us by the dash and splendour of their landscapes; he deals in no burning mountains, cities on fire, or seas in commotion: he steals quietly out to some seldom trodden nook, such as gipsies (who are great judges of natural beauty) love to encamp in, and communicates it to the canvas with wonderful fidelity and grace. His waters run, his trees wave, and his fields live with herbs and flowers. He pleases rather than delights us; when once felt he cannot be readily forgotten—for truth and nature will always prevail. His simplicity is perfect; he never tries to make his landscape look grand and majestic: he does the scene justice, and he does no more.



HENRIETTA, QUEEN OF CHARLES I.

VANDYKE

"VANDYKE," says Walpole, "imbibed so deeply the tints of Titian, that he is allowed to approach nearer to the carnations of that master even than Rubens. Sir Anthony had more delicacy than the latter, but, like him, never reached the grace and the dignity of the antique. He seldom or ever arrived at beauty, his Madonnas are homely, his ladies so little flattered that one is surprised he had so much custom, he has left us to wonder that the famous Countess of Carlisle could be thought so charming, and had not Waller been a better painter, Sacharissa would make little impression now." The truth of his delineations, mental and bodily, was one of the many charms of Vandyke, he considered it his duty perhaps to represent woman as he found her, and was satisfied with showing Sacharissa in her natural lineaments and unaffected hues, without seeking to paint up to the splendid flatteries of Waller. As true beauty cannot be increased any more than the lily can be dyed in surer hues, all the ladies who had loveliness on their side were safe with the punter, they appeared on the canvas as they looked in life,—while those inferior in beauty could hope no supplemental charms from a pencil which either would not or could not flatter. We may consider the fine portrait, of which the engraving is a faithful copy, as a true record of the looks and air of a queen whose charms exercised perhaps too much influence over a monarch, whom all lovers of art and literature must admire for his taste and liberality.

* When this portrait was painted Henrietta was young, her beauty and her levity brought around her the thoughtless and the giddy, her foreign manners and influence with Charles dispensed the sedate and the wise, while her open fondness for the Catholic religion alarmed the Puritans, then a brave and a numerous sect. In spite, however, of all the private levities of the palace, it cannot be denied that the external decorum and outward decencies of life were maintained at court. The king had fine taste both in painting and in poetry, and loved to converse with learned men or to walk in his magnificent galleries and look on the works of genius, now for the first time collected under the roof of an English prince. The queen too, at times, attended by her trains of ladies, would follow the king, and look at some new Rubens or Raphael, or in her own apartments listen to the music of voice and instrument, or sit an hour for one of those many

portraits which we owe to the pencil of Vandyke. The time soon came when all those pageantries were to be dissolved like the visions of a morning dream; the commons asked much, the king would concede little, and that war commenced which promised more for liberty than it performed. When this portrait was taken neither sorrow nor suspicion had stained her looks or her name, and it must be confessed that she seems beautiful and blameless. Her dark tresses, and her bright and pure face, form one of those fine contrasts frequent in nature, yet difficult to paint; while her blue silken dress and her snowy bosom are redeemed from a charge of coldness by the ease and truth with which both are represented; contrasts which are not chilly in nature will not look freezing in painting, if the artist has the skill to manage his colours wisely. Nature abounds in, nay, loves such violent contrasts; the bright white bloom and the dark green leaf on a blossomed pear-tree are in the truest harmony; so are the clear piercing stars in the dark-blue firmament; in truth, the varied hues of universal nature unite in one harmonious combination, though the colours are strong and even violent in their opposition.

Female portrait-painting in England cannot be said to have improved much since the days of Vandyke. The ladies of Reynolds are cold and clever; those of Lawrence have too much of fashion and too little of simplicity. As men feel so do they paint; Sir Joshua looked on woman not as a matter to reverence and to love, but as a commodity with strong light and shade, on which he could lay out his colours so as to surprise and astonish; Sir Thomas regarded her as something which he had to endow with all the attractions fit to captivate in a ball-room or a court; he heightened the hues, he corrected the bounding lines, and communicated to the eyes that eloquence bestowed by the girdle of the goddess,

“ Which from the wisest wins their best resolves ”

Reynolds acted upon the precept of Mudge, that beauty is a medium; his women are splendid works of art; we admire their exquisite colour and true harmony of parts. Lawrence imagined that women should always look as if music and poetry had united to give a diviner colour to their cheeks and more captivating light to their eyes.

The portrait which has called forth these remarks is a very masterly one, and the property of Robert Vernon, Esq. who has kindly allowed it to be engraved for this work.



THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT V.—SCENE IV.

T. STOTHARD, R. A.

ANOTHER production of one of the most graceful and feeling painters of our English School. A collection of the finest works of Stothard is indeed much to be desired. In the splendid edition of the "Pleasures of Memory" are found many of his sweetest compositions of a domestic character. We recal one, of the meeting of a seaman with his wife, on the beach—perfect in feeling and beauty. There is great originality in his playful groups of children, which are quite unequalled, to our thinking. No painter certainly could better bring before us the character of Julia, one of the most beautiful of Shakspeare's female creations. The scene represented is at the close of the piece. It is in the forest. Silvia having fled from Mantua is seized by outlaws, from whom she is rescued by Proteus, who, tempted by opportunity, pours into her ear his unwelcome suit, and is proceeding to further outrage, when he is arrested by the sudden appearance of Valentine, who reproaches him with his perfidy. In the meantime, Julia, thus made witness of the inconstancy of her lover whom she had followed in the disguise of a page, suddenly faints.

JULIA.—O me unhappy !

PROTEUS —Look to the boy.

VAL —Why, boy ! why, wag ! how now ? what is the matter ?
Look up ; speak.

JUL.—O good sir, my master charged me
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia ;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

PRO —Where is that ring, boy.

JUL.—Here 'tis ; this is it. (*gives a ring.*)

PRO.—How I let me see

Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

JUL.—O, cry you mercy, Sir, I have mistook ;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. (*shows another ring.*)

PRO —But, how cam'st thou by this ring ? at my depart,
I gave this unto Julia

JUL.—And Julia herself did give it me ;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

PRO.—How ! Julia !

CHRIST GIVING THE KEYS.

RAPHAEL.

THIS is one of those divine Cartoons with which the fine taste of the first Charles enriched this country : when the Parliament overthrew the King and dispersed his works of art, these pictures were sold for three hundred pounds ; the Restoration replaced them in the royal gallery, but they returned with their original lustre diminished. Something of the tear and wear of civil war—and worse still—the neglect of ignorance, is now too visible upon them. Unlearned men, says the satirist, assume the care of books ; he might have added, men without taste or feeling assume the care of works of art. That this has been the case these Cartoons sufficiently testify. “They have felt,” says Hazlitt “the seasons’ difference,’ being exposed to wind and rain, tossed about from place to place, and cut down by profane hands to fit them to one of their abodes : so that it is altogether wonderful that ‘through their looped and tattered wretchedness’ any traces are seen of their original splendour and beauty. That they are greatly changed from what they were even a hundred years ago is evident from the heads in the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, which were cut out from one of them that was nearly destroyed by some accident, and from the large French engravings of single heads done about the same time, which are as finished and correct as possible. A skeleton is barely left of the Cartoons ; but their mighty relics, like the bones of the mammoth, tell us what the entire and living fabric must have been.”

The Giving of the Keys has always been admired for tranquil grace and calm dignity of expression, and for the

“Looks commercing with the skies”

of our blessed Saviour. The truth and natural simplicity of conception is equally striking ; the meaning is as visible as meaning can be made : “Ye are my sheep, and I am your Shepherd,” is expressed as plainly as art can ever hope to express any thing. “There is no set purpose here, no studied contrast ; it is an aggregation of grandeur and high feeling. The disciples gather round Christ like a flock of sheep listening to some divine shepherd. The figure of their master is sublime ; his countenance and attitude in act to speak. The landscape is also extremely fine, and of a soothing character. Everything falls into its place in these pictures. The figures seem to stop just where their business and feelings bring



them, not a fold in the draperies can be disposed of for the better, nor otherwise than it is" This is high praise—it is also just the whole civilized world have united in bestowing the name of divine upon the paintings of this great master, in simplicity of conception and loftiness of sentiment he has surpassed all other artists

Raphael was born at Urbino on Good Friday, March 28, 1483 His father, an indifferent painter, instructed him in the rudiments of drawing, while Pietro Perugino perfected him in his studies, and predicted his future eminence He became distinguished while yet a youth, when only sixteen years old he surprised the artists of Perugia with his Crowning of the Virgin, the Crucifixion, the Virgin lifting the Veil from the Infant Saviour, and the Marriage of the Virgin, in all of which the dawn of his greatness was visible, though the manner of Perugino predominated Of a second Marriage of the Virgin, Lanzi thus speaks—"The composition very much resembles that which he adopted in a picture of the same subject in Perugia, but there is sufficient of modern art in it to indicate the commencement of a new style The two espoused have a degree of beauty which Raphael scarcely surpassed in his mature age in any other countenances The Virgin particularly is a model of celestial beauty A youthful bride, festively adorned, accompany her to the espousals, splendour vies with elegance the attitudes are engaging, the veils variously arranged, and there is a mixture of ancient and modern drapery which at so early a period cannot be considered as a fault In the midst of these accompaniments the principal figure triumphantly appears, not ornamented by the hand of art, but distinguished by her native nobility, beauty, modesty, and grace The first sight of this performance strikes us with astonishment, and we involuntarily exclaim, How divine and noble the spirit which animated her heavenly form!"

It is related of Michael Angelo that when he first looked on the works of his rival Raphael, he exclaimed, "This excellence comes not from nature but from study and application" It would be difficult, however, to name an artist in whose works nature and study are so beautifully united, he found all his compositions in nature he wrought from the living model, but adorned it from his own wondrous fancy, all that he touched rose immediately into grace and divinity, as Ulysses rises under the wand of the goddess in the fine version of Sotheby,—

'Tis then Jove-born Pallas by her heavenly aid
More large, more full his limbs majestic made
And from his front in many a mazy fold
Of Olympian hue his ringlets roll'd
As one by Vulcan and Minerva taught,
Who with the gold and silver metal wrought,
Fine perfecting his work; thus wondrous grace,
Gift of a god, adorned his form and face,
As on the ocean beach he sat alone
Glistening with grace and beauty not his own'

This is the charm of the works of Raphael—all is graceful and god-like; there is nothing mean, nothing little, either in shape or sentiment; yet all is natural though ideal; he never rises out of the region of human sympathy; he makes man great and noble, covers him with manly beauty, and breathes into him a spirit worthy of heaven.

Having left proofs of his genius at Sienna and at Florence, Raphael hastened to Rome, whither he was invited by Pope Julius the Second, who was not insensible of the merits of a painter in whose works a higher divinity than usual was visible. He was conducted into the Vatican, and desired to imagine decorations for those superb apartments called *La Segnatura*. This agreeable task he performed with such readiness and success, that Julius ordered all the other paintings on the walls of his palace to be obliterated and replaced by the productions of Raphael. In obedience to this flattering mandate he painted in the first compartment the Dispute on the Sacrament, on the second, the School of Athens; on the third, Justinian delivering the Civil Law to Trebonianus; and in the fourth he has represented Apollo and the Muses on Parnassus, surrounded by Greek, Latin, and Italian poets,—Homer is placed between Virgil and Dante. These works, and others of equal merit, filled Rome with wonder.

His last and perhaps greatest work, is the Transfiguration of Christ. He has delineated the disciples of our Lord at the foot of Mount Tabor, seeking in vain to relieve a youth possessed by an evil spirit, horror, doubt, and pity seem to sway them by turns, above them Jesus is revealed in a sunburst of glory, with Moses and Elias on his right hand and left: the three favoured apostles kneel in awe and astonishment on the ground. This truly divine work was all but finished when a burning fever interposed, and carried him off on Good Friday, 1520, when he had just completed his thirty-seventh year. His body lay in state in his studio; the picture of the Transfiguration was placed at his head, and Cardinals honoured him by walking at his funeral and penning inscriptions. Raphael lived and died single, La Bella Fornarina, a young beauty of Rome, to whom he was attached, received as much of his fortune as made her independent. His fame, great as it was in his own day, has increased rather than diminished in ours.

C U P I D.

REYNOLDS

WHEN Reynolds, in his second Discourse, releases the student in painting from the restraint of academic authority, and invests him with skill in science and knowledge in colour, he thus proceeds to give instruction "He is from this time to regard himself as holding the same rank with those masters whom he before obeyed as teachers, and as exercising a sort of sovereignty over those rules which have hitherto restrained him. Comparing now no longer the performances of art with each other, but examining the art itself by the standard of nature, he corrects what is erroneous, supplies what is scanty, and adds, by his own observation, what the industry of his predecessors may have yet left wanting to perfection. Having well established his judgment and stored his memory, he may now without fear try the power of his imagination. The mind that has been thus disciplined may be indulged in the warmest enthusiasm, and venture to play on the borders of the wildest extravagance. The habitual dignity which long converse with the greatest minds has imparted to him, will display itself in all his attempts, and he will stand among his instructors not an imitator but a rival."

In something of the spirit of this portion of his discourse Sir Joshua painted the picture before us. It is an early work, and full of life and motion, and touched with the same sort of character which animates *Muscipula*, his boy *Mercury*, or the urchin *Puck*. Cupid is out on a ramble in the woods, he is naked, but the thorns and briars of this rough world harm nothing that is celestial, he has come to the shadiest part of the grove, and observing, perhaps, a shepherdess more than necessarily coy, or some untamed wood nymph putting on airs of disdain or carelessness, he slyly prepares his bow and arrow, and we may see, by the roguish twinkle of his eye, that he believes the wound he is about to inflict will have more of pleasure than of pain. It is this happy knack of communicating a certain infantine drollery of expression which makes the children of Reynolds so universally admired. His practice was to raise the superstructure of his fancy on living life, he sought out a child of such beauty as was suitable for his purpose, he peaked and perked up the mouth, put a mischievous twinkle into the eyes, and, giving it some little deed of innocent devilry to do, invested it in the richest hues of art, called it Cupid, or Puck, or Jack a lantern, and



astomished his brethren by the unique oddity of his performance. That he was an indifferent master in undulating beauty and consistency of outline the present and other works prove, but there is a beauty beyond that—*originality* and *vigour* of character, in which he excelled, as well as in that glowing magnificence of colouring which no English painter has yet equalled.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the third great painter in the British ranks of art, was born at Plympton in Devonshire, where his father kept a school, on Thursday July 16, 1723. Wilson was then ten years old, and Hogarth had begun his long and glorious career. A love of art came upon him early, he was inspired, Johnson relates, by reading when a child Richardson's *Treatise on Painting*, nor was he much encouraged by his father, who wrote, as a rebuke, on the back of one of his boyish studies, "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." Days of patronage were at hand, his drawings pleased some judicious neighbours, who praised his performances, and a sketch of Plympton School so gladdened his father's heart that he cried, "Wonderful!" and Joshua, at the age of nineteen, was sent to London to pursue his studies as a painter, under the eye of Hudson—a man who could paint a head but had not the skill to place it on the shoulders.

The little that Hudson knew, Reynolds soon mastered, but genius such as his could not pause at mediocrity, in a portrait of one of the female domestics he exhibited such grace of expression and beauty of colour, that Hudson, in a fit of jealousy, dismissed him from his studio, accusing his own simplicity of having taught him too much. On this Joshua returned to his native county, set up his easel at Plympton, and painted many portraits which helped to fill his pockets, as well as to extend his reputation. A painting of himself, with palette and pencils in one hand and the other held over his brow, together with the portraits of Miss Chudleigh and Captain Hamilton of the Abercorn family, raised high expectations and brought some friends. He now thought of Rome the Eternal City was then, as now, the object of pilgrimage to the punters of England, Reynolds made his appearance in the Vatican in the autumn of 1749, and finding himself, as he said, in the midst of works executed upon principles with which he was unacquainted, boldly, and we fear rashly, declared that no one of true natural taste could without long study and preparation perceive the divine beauty of Raphael. Light from heaven came to his own eyes in time, the majestic splendour of the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael dawned upon him, and he pronounced them unequalled. From that time forward he talked but of those immortal painters, he made copies in outline of many of the principal heads in their compositions, and endeavoured to master the secrets of colour. With a memorandum book filled with sketches and observations he returned to London, and proceeded at once to show that the cold, dry, mechanical style of portrait painting was at an end, and that the reign of freedom, and vigour, and natural depth of colour had commenced.

But the freedom of his postures and the brilliancy of his colouring were not established without opposition. They were pronounced innovations upon the existing system of portrait manufacture. Hudson, his old master, exclaimed, "Why, Josh, man, you don't paint so well as when you left my studio;" and Ellis, who had gleaned some knowledge under

"Kneller, by heaven and by no master taught,"

shrugged up his shoulders, saying, "Ah, Reynolds, this will never do—why you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey." This contest did not last long; a portrait of Commodore Keppel placed him at the head of the profession; it came out among the formal portraiture of his brethren in art, with the splendour of a comet; a succession of other heads equally manly and beautiful followed, and he was acknowledged by all, save the king on the throne, to be unequalled in delineating the "human face divine." The coldness of George the Third towards this great artist has never been accounted for; it is true that he sat once to him, conferred on him the order of knighthood, and even spoke of him in terms of approbation, if not of praise; but it is also true that he countenanced him no further. What his king withheld his country bestowed: he not only enjoyed the friendship of Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith, and others scarcely less eminent, but he lived on terms of affection and familiarity with the principal members of the state and all the leading spirits of the land. His stately manners and style of living maintained the dignity of his character, men have laughed at the bustling airs of Hogarth, at the whims of Gainsborough, and the follies of Barry, but no one ever mocked Sir Joshua. For thirty years he maintained his station at the head of British art, painted two generations of the beautiful, the brave, and the intellectual of his country, and died full of years and honours on the 23rd of February, 1792, at his house in Leicester Fields. His genius aided largely in establishing the fame of the Royal Academy, and his natural good sense and good feeling united in supporting the dignity as well as usefulness of the Institution.

THE MARKET-WAGGON.

GAINSBOROUGH

THE fine landscape from which our engraving is made, belongs to Robert Vernon, Esq who kindly allowed it to be copied for the Cabinet Gallery of Pictures, those only who have seen the original, which sustains the high character of Gainsborough, can judge with what success the graver has done his task.

The scene, like all the works of the painter, is truly English, and is said to belong to Suffolk, the season seems to be summer, and the time of the day nigh sunset. Some peasants who have been at market with the produce of their farm, are on their way home with the empty waggon, drawn by four horses. They are evidently hurrying back, and have all three been riding, though one of them is now on foot guiding the horses, and on looking at the spot where the halt has taken place, we cannot but feel that his precaution is necessary. The road in which they are journeying descends suddenly in a sort of abrupt and winding line into a deep and wooded dell, down which a clear broad brook seems scarcely moving, while over the stream a bridge has been constructed by rustic hands for foot passengers. The horses, weary and warm with their sultry journey, gladly halt in the ford to drink, the waggoner leans over the rail of the bridge, and with suspended whip seems to admonish his horses, the foremost of which turns its head up the brook and drinks of the purest, while the second, glad to get water on any terms, takes it where it is readiest. The other horses stand impatient to be in the stream. The waggoner's watchful attitude shows that it requires care to prevent an upset, for the bank is precipitous and the way difficult.

Such are the central features of the scene, elsewhere the landscape is remarkably picturesque. On the left the ground rises rugged and abrupt, with trees growing down to the side of the stream, while on the right the relics of a majestic oak hang gnarled and hollow over the road, which passes on to the ford. This old desolate tree is a sight well worth going into Suffolk to look at. It had grown up to immense size, watered at the root by a deep stream, and seeking its sustenance far and wide in the loamy bank, beneath its boughs wild deer in other days had ran, when the outlaw drew his arrow, but now, hollow and branchless, it is but the ruin of what it was, and the sun going down behind it holds it out to our contemplation as a subject whereon to moralize. What we have described would, in the opinion of almost any other painter, have formed landscape enough.



but Gainsborough felt that he had still another attraction to lend to the scene—one indeed which it required. The upper part of the wood is tenanted by a horde of gipsies, their asses are grazing among the glades, the party coloured coverings of their wandering camp are visible among the shafts of the trees, and a thin and scarcely distinguished smoke curls slowly away amid the boughs of the forest. This is one of the painter's marks to indicate great natural beauty of scene, he knew that the taste of that roving people was, as far as regarded a feeling for the charms of external nature, essentially poetic. If a lovely spot lies within seven miles of their line of march, there will they fix their tents and make their abode for the night, were landscape painters to follow their footsteps, and paint the scenes in which they establish themselves—they could not fail to produce a series of fine poetic compositions. All that we have to add to this imperfect description of a very fine landscape is, that it is an example of the vigour of conception and harmony of colouring, as well as of the natural truth and splendour, which distinguish the best paintings of this favourite master.

Fusch, in his edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, indulges in some ironical remarks on the same which Gainsborough acquired, and on the character which the biographer bestowed on his compositions. But with all his genius, the Swiss had a very peculiar and limited taste—it took in the grand and the sublime, and admitted little else, for pictures embodying humble scenes from life or nature he had no sympathy of the lights of heaven he admired but the sun, and of the flowers of the garden he loved but the rose. There are other lights worthy of our admiration, and other flowers deserving to be loved, and the man who can only bestow his affection on what is lofty or noble, has not all the taste which belongs to true genius—he resembles Touchstone's egg, which was roasted but on one side. Reynolds, in his discourses, did the justice to Gainsborough which he refused to Wilson—it is likely that he did not feel the poetic sublimity of the latter. At all events he was fully sensible of the natural grace, the great force of colour and fine harmonics of the other. "His excellence," he said, "was his own, the result of his particular observation and taste. For this he was certainly not indebted to the Flemish school, nor indeed to any school, for his grace was not academical or antique, but selected by himself from the great school of nature, and there are yet a thousand modes of grace which are neither theirs nor his, but lie open in the multiplied scenes and figures of life, to be brought out by skilful and faithful observers. The peculiarity of his manner, or style or we may call it the language in which he expressed his ideas, has been considered by many as his greatest defect. But, without altogether wishing to enter into the discussion whether this peculiarity was a defect or not, intermixed as it was with great beauties, of some of which it was probably the cause, it becomes a proper subject of criticism and inquiry to a painter. It is certain that all those odd scratches and marks, which, on a close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which, even to experienced painters,

appear rather the effect of accident than design—this chaos—this uncouth and shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic, at a certain distance assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places, so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence, under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence ”

The landscapes of Gainsborough obtained merited fame in the days of the artist, and in this he was happier than his great contemporary Wilson. For this reason may readily be given. His pictures unite the lower with the higher qualities of landscape, and speak to common, as well as to uncommon, minds. They have great natural force and truth, and are doubly interesting by the human life with which he has inspired them. In this union of man with the land which belonged to him, lay the strong charm of Gainsborough. By these means he endowed the still and barren landscape with a spirit, and gave it a tongue with which it addressed the spectator, and moved his heart while he pleased his eye. There are groups in the landscapes of this painter which have all the tenderness and pathos of Burns. On his young children he has impressed health and joyousness, amid all their rags and privations, but when he paints a cottage girl or boy sixteen years-old or so, he considers that their eyes are opened to the hard lot which is their inheritance, and he stamps a gathering sadness on their brows, which accords with the rude cottage, the scanty flocks, and the marks of privation around. To Wilson, human beings were as nothing, with Gainsborough, every thing



HAMLET.

ACT IV.—SCENE V.

B. WEST, P.R.A.

IN the works of West we have a most remarkable contrast to those of Fuseli; the latter display a singular inconsistency, the union of great powers with a spirit of wild eccentric exaggeration, and a contempt and disregard for what may be called the "good sense" of art; while, in the productions of the American painter, we but too often see the common-place and conventional, in lieu of original and masterly conception; but so *judicious* in arrangement, so pleasing in style, so well adapted to the general comprehension, that his works have enjoyed a popularity as great as the misapprehension and ridicule which has overtaken those of his remarkable cotemporary. If we contrast the subject before us with the scene from the "Tempest" by Fuseli, these remarks will be borne out. There is no one figure among the many presented to us in the touching scene of Ophelia's madness, at all to compare for grandeur of conception and expression, or anatomical skill, with the "Caliban and Prospero" in the scene by Fuseli: yet, if we take the *whole* composition, there can be no question as to which would be the general favourite. If there is nothing of the sublime of art in West's picture, there is an average respectability of style—the arrangement of the scene is clear and intelligible, the story well told, and the accessories of costume careful and appropriate. Yet, in the mind of the student of art, there can be no doubt as to which displays the greater power and originality of mind. We should be wrong, however, in citing this as one of the finest of the works of West. His scenes from the New Testament are those by which he has earned his greatest and merited reputation.

It is hardly necessary to point out to the reader of Shakspeare the various characters in this piece. The distracted Ophelia, supported by her brother Laertes, are on the left, the guilty king and queen of Denmark on the throne, and the back-ground filled up by the attendants of the court.

ADVOCATE IN HIS STUDY.

OSTADE.

THIS fine picture from the hand of a master whose best works are scarce, belongs to the collection of the late Robert Ludgate, Esq. and is remarkable for natural truth of expression, skill in drawing and effective colouring. It represents an aged advocate busied with his papers; the post, for there were posts in those days, has just arrived; letters have come with tidings of sufficient importance to make him attentive and earnest: perhaps some cause of which he has the care is in jeopardy, or some new way to win it has dawned upon his fancy. He seems one well to do in the world, as an ample gown, a velvet cap, and a carved arm-chair sufficiently indicate. The stamp of a prudent and sagacious son of the law is upon him; his volume of pleas closely clasped, his open inkstand and convenient pen, his piece of marble to keep down rebellious papers; the slip to hold letters that must be answered, with his Bible at hand to intimate his fear of Heaven in all his ways, speak as plain as colour and expression can, of a lawyer whose name is known in the Courts. It is to all appearance a likeness, and as such is in much better taste than portraits in our English school are, where ordinary looking ladies are elevated into Dianas, and Goddesses of Beauty or of Wisdom, while men who want capacity to comprehend the mystery of notation are made to assume the looks of Napier or Newton, and others enact the part of Coriolanus who in natural courage are scarcely match for a turkey-cock.

When Reynolds made his tour in Flanders and Holland, and wrote remarks on the chief pictures and principal masters, he all but neglected Ostade: he classed him as the fourth in merit of the Dutch painters, and thought him worthy of few remarks: his entries are brief:—"Two Ostades;" "Two pictures by Ostade;" "Three figures, very natural, by Ostade." These barren notices are all that Sir Joshua affords to an artist who has painted with no common force of colour and truth of expression. It is true that he speaks with respect of Teniers and of the school of Holland, but it is also plain that he considers the latter naught, and its students poor mistaken creatures, whose whole power lies in singularity of effect. The president's heart was where his hand could not reach; he loved the grandeur and sublimity of the historic pictures of Italy. One, however, cannot be always gazing at angels ascending and descending; we grow weary with looking at holy virgins nursing celestial babes, and with gods sitting among the clouds, and desire to behold something more gross and human: we seek such relief to our thoughts and eyes as Gainsborough



sought when he looked at the green woods to refresh his sight, wearied with the glare of less natural colour, there are few pictures to which we can turn with more real and literal truth in them, than those of Adrian Van Ostade

He was born at Lubeck in the year 1610, and studied in the company of Brouwer in the school of Francis Hals, his brother Isaac, three years younger than himself, was his fellow student, and both made great progress, but Adrian surpassed all competitors, and soon became distinguished for the truth and the life, the clever drawing and natural colouring of his compositions. His genius was quick and ready though he copied the scenes around him, and took nature as he found it, his works were visibly impressed with a manner peculiar to himself alone. Isaac was not slow in perceiving this and rejecting the style of Hals, which he had hitherto followed—he imitated that of Adrian with such success that several of his compositions have been ascribed to his brother. But the productions of Isaac are deficient in transparency of colour, in delicacy of pencilling, and want the warmth and spirit of the pictures of Adrian. Ostade left Lubeck early in life, and settled at Amsterdam, where he lived with Constantine Sennefort, a great encourager of art. His reputation rose high, the demand for his pictures increased, and the prices he received were considered enormous by his brethren. The fastidious finish, minuteness of detail, and careful study which he bestowed on his works, prevented him, though he was remarkably industrious, from executing pictures sufficient to meet the demand. That he was eminently popular is well known, nor need we marvel at it, he painted up to and not above the understandings of the people, his images were those which the country and the city readily supplied without seeking such was the facility of his pencil and the quickness of his fancy, that he could make an admirable picture out of any thing.

The merits of Ostade have been well expressed by Pilkington. “The subjects of this painter were always of the low kind, having the same ideas as Teniers. Yet though he copied nature as it appeared in the lower classes of mankind, there is so much spirit in his compositions, such truth, nature, life, and delicacy of pencil, that even while many of his objects are in some respects disgusting a spectator cannot forbear to admire his genius and execution. His pictures are so transparent and highly finished that they have the lustre and polish of enamel, being at the same time warm and clear. They have frequently a force superior to Teniers and are always more highly finished though it must be acknowledged that Teniers grouped his objects better, and showed more skill in the disposition of his design than Ostade. He perfectly understood the principles of *chiaroscuro*, and introduced his lights and shadows with so much judgment that every figure seems animated, it might however be wished that he had not designed his figures so short. His tone of colouring is exquisitely pleasing and natural, his touch light and wonderfully neat, and throughout all his works there is a peculiar and uncommon transparency. The figures of Ostade are so universally admired

for their lively expression, that several among his contemporary artists solicited him to paint the figures in their landscapes, which at the present day contribute greatly to their value."

Ostade lived long in Amsterdam, and was widely known and respected. His works are scarce, and so seldom in the market that no price is thought too extravagant for one of his compositions. They are not at all plentiful in England; but there are counterfeits, and some of them in good collections. With all his merit, his nature is in general a few degrees too low and squalid; his boors are rude, uncombed, and unwashed, and their employments are often gross and disgusting. He seems more anxious to lower nature than elevate her, and might be compared in painting to Crabbe in verse, were it not that he is no depicor of utter misery and wretchedness: his rustics are ragged reprobates indeed, but then they are jolly fellows, prodigal of laughter, fond of chinking the gin-stoup and the ale-can, and moreover quite ready to pull their long knives out from the wide sleeves of their jackets, and deal a blow or two when warmed with drink and contradiction. He paints human nature low enough, but he knew it better than to represent it unhappy; on the contrary he perceived that happiness was pretty equally diffused, he therefore dipped his brush in pleasing colours, and gave us men reeling in their cups,

"O'er all the ills of life victorious"

This is not the aspect which divines wish the world to wear, nor do we commend it; but we are not sure that it is less beneficial than those mournful-representations of human life in which sundry of our poets and painters indulge. Ostade produced many fine etchings from his designs, which, like those from the hand of Hogarth, are deservedly admired: they are finished in a manner worthy of Rembrandt. He died in the year 1685, leaving a fame behind him, which few of his school have equalled.

A SUMMER EVENING.

WILSON.

THE best of Wilson's landscapes are in our own country : and this is surprising since we know how little his genius was during his life esteemed at home, and how much it was relished abroad. The poetic landscape, in which he excelled, like most other high poetic matters, was not understood in his day in England, and we cannot assert that it is felt yet. Landscape, in the estimation of the multitude, is simply a well-coloured delineation of some real and visible scene, with which fancy has no more to do than the land-surveyor has with the natural loveliness of the earth on which he lays his measuring chain. When Turner exhibited his poetic landscape of Italy, in which, as if by enchantment, he assembled all her beauties, the wonder of the spectators was not raised by the natural and brilliant combination of hill and stream, vale and temple, and sunny air and serene sky. No ! the inquiry was, from what point was it taken—on what hill did the artist stand—and in what time of the day, and season of the year, did he behold all these marvels ? It was taken as a literal matter-of-fact performance, tried in the balance of recollection, found wanting, and dismissed as an idle dream. This is no fanciful account of public taste in landscape : the studies of Turner will bear us out : in one of his rooms he has more truly brilliant poetic scenes rolled up and laid aside than any collection in this country contains : on some future day, when fac-simile painters swarm in the land, and the world grows weary of common and every-day things, there will be an unrolling of these splendid pictures, and a general turning up of eyes, and shrugging of shoulders, at the lack of taste of this our living generation of connoisseurs and patrons.



or at least uncertain, what his future station in art would be. Yet men were not wanting in his own day who perceived his merits and felt the grandeur of his conceptions. Of those the most eminent was Sir George Beaumont, and it reflects no little honour on his boldness, as well as good taste, that in the teeth of Sir Joshua's rebukings, he wrote thus of him

"I think it will be allowed," he says, "that the pictures on which Wilson's high reputation is founded are not very numerous: whatever may have been the cause, it is certain he did not long possess, the vigour of mind and hand which characterizes the Niobe. To the last, indeed, and in the weakest of his productions, a fine taste for lines and a classical feeling is discoverable, which must for ever give them a value in the opinions of those who are capable of relishing beauties of this kind. For my own part I have no hesitation, as far as my judgment goes, to place him at the head of the landscape painters of this country. His sole rival is Gainsborough, and if it be allowed, as I think it must, that he had a finer and higher relish for colour, or, in the technical term, a better painter's eye, than Wilson, on the other hand, Wilson was far his superior in elevation of thought and dignity of composition. Both were poets: and to me the Bard of Gray, and his Elegy in a Country Churchyard, are so descriptive of their different lines, that I certainly should have commissioned Wilson to paint a subject from the first, and Gainsborough one from the latter, and if I am correct in this opinion, the superior popularity of Gainsborough cannot surprise us, since, for one person capable of relishing the sublime, there are thousands who admire the rural and the beautiful, especially when set off with such fascinating splendour of colour as we see in the best works of Gainsborough. That Wilson had great faults must be granted, his subjects are sometimes merge, as in the *Ceyx*, and sometimes too artificial and decidedly composition, and in producing what he called hollowness of space, he sometimes divided the distances so that they had too much the appearance of cut scenery at the theatre. His pencil, although feeble and negligent in his decline, is in his best works firm, bold, and decisive. I do not conceive his colouring to be his prime excellence, yet it is frequently sweet and airy, solemn and grand, as the subject required, and seldom or never out of harmony." This praise, though not quite to our own mind, is better than the hollow approbation of the genius of Wilson and displeasure with all his works, contained in the Discourses of Reynolds, or the inconceivable silence of Hazlitt, who contrived to write one hundred and ninety five pages concerning the principal works in the picture galleries of England, without alluding to the paintings of this great master, or once we think mentioning his name. "We — these are his own words — 'are abstracted to another sphere, we breathe empyrean air: we enter into the minds of Raphael, of Titian, of Poussin, of the Caracci and look at nature with their eyes, we live in times past, and seem identified with the permanent forms of things.' Such is the language of a man of genius, but his taste in the fine arts was supposed to be influenced by his

unsuccessful attempts with the pencil. Bad artists make indifferent critics: their opinions take the hue of their own disappointments. He who thought Wilson unworthy of being named among the highest, and who spoke of the pauper style of Wilkie, was at least unfortunate in his opinions.

The picture, from which the very beautiful engraving before us is taken, belongs to the collection of the united families of Montague and Scott, and is at Kettering, in Northamptonshire. It depicts a lonely house, "the quiet waters by, and, like all Wilson's performances, unites the past with the present, and both with poetry. By the lake side, and forming seemingly a part of the entrance to the house, stands a small structure, with a cross cut on its front, which gives a religious air to the place. On the other side of the lake a rude mass, something like "a ruin gray, arises, while in the foreground we have rocks, roughly up piled either by the hand of nature or of man, forming a shattered fence, which in other days enclosed what was probably a tower for safety or concealment. The painter has left all this to conjecture, nor will the large square block of stone, against which a man is leaning or on which the image of one is sculptured, help us to decide. Wilson's landscapes please the eye and awaken curiosity. We desire to know the history of the ruins which he makes so interesting—the story of the lake, by the side of which his fancy raises a tomb or a solitary column. His very trees breathe of hoary antiquity, and may have carried their heads to the sun when the Norman shafts flew at Hastings, or the Bard of Wales sang his last sad song on the Conway side. Wilson was of the past Gainsborough of the present. The former saw visions of ancient glory earth, in the splendour of all its temples, what time it was inhabited by patriarchs, when nymphs were in the fountains, fauns in the forests, and Jove held his court visible on Olympus. The latter saw grosser and more material things: forest glades, with deer trooping under the boughs, dales, on which milch cows grazed mid leg deep in clover, retired nooks, in which gipsies had fixed their roving encampments or roads along which boors conducted their stock to market under the light of the sun—these were the visions which appeared to Gainsborough, and he found them profitable.

THE VISION OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

BENVENUTO GAROFALO.

THIS fine picture is the offspring of a devout legend. It is related that St. Augustine having been for some time engaged in an attempt to render the doctrine of the Trinity familiar to ordinary understandings, was warned by a vision to desist. He had retired, it seems, to the solitude of the wild sea-shore, and was in the midst of his meditations when he observed a more than earthly child, seated nigh him, pouring water from the sea into a small hole in the sand. The saint understood the rebuke, and gave up his meditations, for he concluded that he might as well hope to empty the ocean into a mole-hole as reach the height of that sublime mystery. It is added, that he was nothing pleased with the interruption, and felt much inclined to rebuke the warning angel; something of this feeling is impressed upon the picture.

A good judge has supposed that the painter in producing this picture obeyed rather the instructions of some patron than the impulse of his own genius. The figure of St. Lawrence in the distance, the Holy Family above, and the St. Catherine beneath, are, he thinks, all superfluous. This is a matter of taste; certainly the Holy Family adds largely to the magnificence of the scene; the St. Catherine might have been spared. "The figure of St. Augustine," observes Ottley, "dressed in the robes of Episcopacy, is simple and dignified. His pen is in his hand, and he turns towards his infant monitor, listening with no great share of complacency to the sentence which discourages him from proceeding in a work on which he has bestowed so much pains. The modest figure of St. Catherine stands behind. The sober tint of her vestment is well contrasted with the rich crimson of his mantle, and by being kept, in great part, in shadow, produces, in union with the dark parts of the rocky landscape and the foreground, a broad, deep mass, which gives increased importance to his figure, and throws it out with great effect. The magnificent representation of the Holy Family, seated above, in the clouds, and attended by the celestial host, is beyond all praise. Equal in elegance to the most admired performances of Parmigianino, is the varied and well contrasted group of angels, playing on musical instruments; whilst the larger figure of the Madonna possesses an imposing dignity, joined to a beauty of character, of which the productions of modern art offer few parallel examples, the whole abundantly testifying the advantage which the artist derived during his stay

were it not for the warmer glow of colour which distinguishes the painter of Ferrara. The most exquisite of his productions is, however, said to be the Adoration of the Magi, in the Church of St George, in his native place, at least to this picture his rising into notice is imputed, and it is supposed to have brought him more commissions than he could well execute. His chief patrons seem to have been churchmen, for his best and largest pictures are of a devout character. He was, in fact, a commentator on the New Testament, and strove by his splendid designs, to explain the mysteries of the Christian religion to the multitude. He succeeded, as other artists succeeded, his interpretations were acceptable till printing and the Reformation brought the light of knowledge to the nations, and men grew content with the written instead of the painted word.

Garofolo lived honoured in his native land to a good old age. He had the misfortune to lose the sight of one of his eyes, yet he painted with as much delicacy and spirit as ever, in his sixty ninth year he became totally blind, and his chief enjoyment arose from the company and conversation of his friends. He survived the loss of his sight nine years, and died in 1559. His pictures, particularly his small ones, are very rare, and are scarcely to be found, save in the galleries of Italy, they never appear at sales, the warmth of the colouring renders them difficult of imitation, few of the makers of simulated articles have succeeded in manufacturing "Garofolos." In accuracy of drawing, elegance of grouping and calm vigour of expression, he is said to do all but equal Raphael, his shadows are deeper, and his colouring is more glowing. He approaches the head of the Roman School, in the propriety and unity of his compositions, and for this his works might be studied by all who desire to tell a story either holy or profane, on canvas. He painted landscapes also, two are in the Palazzo Zampieri at Bologna, they are said to be conceived in fine taste, and with abundance of force, but too dark. The scenes of some of his scripture paintings incline to the same character, the rock crowned hills, and the sea, and sky of the picture before us are darker than seems consistent with heavenly visitants. This was for the purpose of making his Holy Family flash out on the spectator, and this he has accomplished, but not without sacrificing somewhat the relative harmony of the various parts.

at Rome, from the contemplation of the sublime remains of ancient sculpture" It may be added, that the landscape is a grand one, the quiet sea, and the abrupt and rocky shore, harmonize well with the sentiment, the colouring is a splendid specimen of the old School of Ferrara. The dimensions of the picture are two feet eight inches long, by two feet and an inch high. It formerly belonged to the *Carsini Palace* at Rome, was purchased by the Rev Holwell Carr, and now graces the walls of our National Gallery.

Benvenuto Tisi, or as he is generally called, *Il Garofalo*, has been frequently confounded with an artist, who flourished during the same period, named Gio Batista Benvenuti, a native of Garofalo, and from his father's occupation denominated *Ortolano*, the gardener. The former was the most eminent, he was born of a good family at Ferrara, in the year 1481, and obtained the name of Garofalo from generally painting a gilliflower, some say a violet, in the corner of his pictures. He first studied painting under Domenico Pinetti, he then became a pupil of *Boccaccio Boccaccini*, at Cremona, and remained with him two years. At the age of nineteen he went to Rome, and studied most of the day, and not a little of the night, under Giovanni Baldi, the Florentine, we find him next in Mantua, with Lorenzo Costa, after two years study he returned to Rome, where his genius acquired for him the friendship of Raffaele, who instructed him in the true principles of designing and colouring. We are thus particular for the purpose of showing young painters the propriety of studying under various masters and the necessity of preserving at the same time their own natural and original style, like Garofalo.

In the year 1507, this eminent painter returned to Ferrara, his fame followed him from Rome, and the Duke employed him on some national pictures, which his biographers say were executed in the noblest style of art. "He imitated Raphael in design," says Lanzi, "in the character of his faces, and in expression, and considerably also in his colouring, although he added something of a warmer and stronger cast, derived from his own school. Rome, Bologna, and other cities of Italy, abound with his pictures from the Lives of the Apostles. They are of various merit, and are not wholly painted by himself. In his large pictures he stands more alone, and many of these are to be found in the *Chigi Gallery*. The *Visitation* in the *Palazzo Doria* is one of the first pieces in that rich collection. This artist in allusion to his name, was accustomed to mark his pictures with a violet, which the common people in Italy call *garofalo*. It does not appear that he had any share in the works which were executed by Raphael and his scholars.

These remarks of Lanzi are supported, it is said by that noble painting of the Raising of Lazarus, from the pencil of Garofalo, in the Chapel of the Church of St Francis, at Ferrara, and also his picture of the Murder of the Innocents, in the same place. The attitudes, the grouping, and the expression, are said to be so admirable that both compositions might be mistaken for the work of Raphael,

were it not for the warmer glow of colour which distinguishes the painter of Ferrara. The most exquisite of his productions is, however, said to be the Adoration of the Magi, in the Church of St. George, in his native place; at least to this picture his rising into notice is imputed, and it is supposed to have brought him more commissions than he could well execute. His chief patrons seem to have been churchmen; for his best and largest pictures are of a devout character. He was, in fact, a commentator on the New Testament, and strove by his splendid designs, to explain the mysteries of the Christian religion to the multitude. He succeeded, as other artists succeeded; his interpretations were acceptable till printing and the Reformation brought the light of knowledge to the nations, and men grew content with the written instead of the painted word.

Garofalo lived honoured in his native land to a good old age. He had the misfortune to lose the sight of one of his eyes, yet he painted with as much delicacy and spirit as ever; in his sixty-ninth year he became totally blind, and his chief enjoyment arose from the company and conversation of his friends. He survived the loss of his sight nine years, and died in 1559. His pictures, particularly his small ones, are very rare, and are scarcely to be found, save in the galleries of Italy; they never appear at sales; the warmth of the colouring renders them difficult of imitation; few of the makers of simulated articles have succeeded in manufacturing "*Garofalos*." In accuracy of drawing, elegance of grouping, and calm vigour of expression, he is said to do all but equal Raphael; his shadows are deeper, and his colouring is more glowing. He approaches the head of the Roman School, in the propriety and unity of his compositions; and for this his works might be studied by all who desire to tell a story, either holy or profane, on canvas. He painted landscapes also, two are in the Palazzo Zampieri at Bologna, they are said to be conceived in fine taste, and with abundance of force, but too dark. The scenes of some of his scripture paintings incline to the same character, the rock-crowned hills, and the sea, and sky of the picture before us are darker than seems consistent with heavenly visitants. This was for the purpose of making his Holy Family flash out on the spectator, and this he has accomplished, but not without sacrificing somewhat the relative harmony of the various parts.

WAITING FOR THE FERRY.

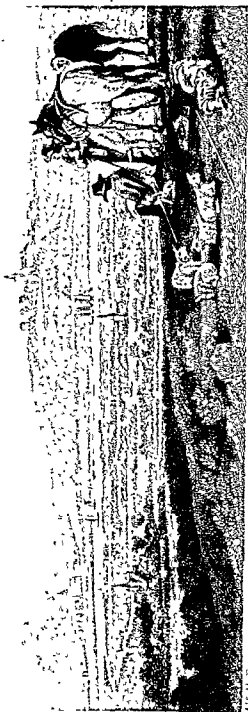
CUYP.

ALBERT CUYP, painter of cattle, landscape, and moonlights, was born at Dort in the year 1606: he was the son and disciple of Jacob Gerritze Cuyp, who distinguished himself in delineating the scenes of his native land—canals, rivers, cattle; the marching of armies, and their contests in the field. Cuyp the elder was rough and bold in his compositions; Cuyp the younger was neat, graceful, and poetic: the former had great freedom of touch, a mode of colouring agreeable and sweet, and a transparence in his streams which it was thought no one could rival, till he was surpassed in all in which he was thought excellent by his son. Jacob contented himself with painting one or two species of animals; but Albert employed his pencil on oxen, sheep, cows, horses, goats; he represented them grazing in the green fields, ruminating in the shade, driven a-field, or brought home; and even sometimes crossing rivers and canals. In all that he attempted he succeeded, and indeed excelled: whatever he touched became beautiful, nor did the beauty surpass the fine freedom of his touch, or his clear and transparent colouring. His mind was full of the quiet poetry of nature, there is nothing startling or stormy in his conceptions; he disliked thunderclouds, and cared not to

“ Ride on the volleyed lightning through the heavens ”

His heart was with the serene and the lovely; with landscapes steeped in morning dews; flocks reposing by the sides of shaded pools, bare-armed maidens straining the reeking milk through white fingers, and streams slumbering in the light of the moon.

Cuyp was an anxious observer of nature, as all great painters require to be; it is only by adding their own feeling and fancy and stock of knowledge to what others have done, that they can become famous in their own day, and hope to live in the days of others. “ He was accustomed to observe,” says Pilkington, “ even the particular times of the day, to express the various diffusions of light on his subjects with all the truth of nature; and in his pictures, the morning, attended with its mists and vapours, the clearer light of noon, and the saffron-coloured tints of evening, may be readily distinguished. He likewise excelled in moonlight pieces; some of them being so admirably expressed, that the glittering reflection of the lunar beams on the surface of the water appeared more like real nature than like any imitation of it.”



The paintings of Cuyp are almost as refreshing to the eye as the natural scenes which they represent. In this he is equalled by few; his water all but runs, his grass all but grows, and his suns all but shine. He was a great master of harmony, nor is this more observable in his handling than in his conceptions: he disliked violence, and accomplished all he desired through the graceful, the lovely, and the serene. The commonest subject became in his hands poetical; not that he made angels descend to his landscapes, or brought supernatural splendours upon them; he wrought as a skillful limner does with a portrait; he took the general lineaments, and sought rather to give sentiment than detail. We never think as we look on Cuyp's cows of the milk they will yield, nor what price his horses will bring in the market; there is a poetic atmosphere about the picture which raises us above that. We would instance his celebrated painting of the cattle market and military parade at Dort, as a proof of the accuracy of our assertions. In some other hands the scene would only have been natural and forcible, in his it is more; he has refused to be limited to a mere market-place and parade view. To his horses he has given the fire and impetuosity which belong to their nature; to his cattle that meekness and repose peculiar to their character, and shed over the whole an harmonious glow and exquisite grace. His studies were all from nature; in her he laid the foundation of all his compositions, and through her acquired all his fame.

Cuyp has many admirers and many followers in this country. Some of them have more than approached him, several of the landscapes of James Burnet, though copied from nature, show much of the manner of Cuyp: there is nothing foreign about them, they are such pictures as the elder artist would have painted had he been in England and seen our green glades, our primrose knolls, our hazelly glens, our woods, in which elms abound, and our brook banks, grazed by such cows as he loved to look upon. Crome too kept him in mind while he laid down the rustic scenes around Norwich on canvas. Indeed Cuyp cannot be otherwise than present to the fancy of many landscape-painters; the exquisite care and harmonious simplicity of his delineations captivate students, and they imagine that *creations of the same character are easy till they try.* His excellence resides as much in the poetic air of his pictures as in the luminous brilliancy of his colours. When Burns made his appearance, the familiarity of his language induced all who could "tear the words and make them clink," to commence poets also: the northern press groaned with rustic rhymes, but it was soon felt that they wanted the fine sentiment which elevated the rustic language of Burns into the region of poesy. In like manner those who imitate Cuyp must not think to accomplish it by painting a couple of cows chewing the cud,

"Beside some trotting burn's meander,"

or horses turned loose to their Sunday's pasture. There is something above all this—and that is the genius which inspires the whole, and animates the landscape,



SPANISH PEASANT BOY

MURILLO

WE have hitherto selected our pictures from the Dutch, the English, and the Italian schools on the work before us the stamp of a different school and the character of another people are visible. It is said that Wilkie the painter visited Spain chiefly for the purpose of examining the productions of Velasquez and Murillo, and comparing them with the land, the people and the remains of the old Spanish spirit and manners. How it was with Velasquez we have not heard, but Murillo and nature were found to be the same. He is a truly national painter, and the express image of the time and the people is on all his productions. Those who are intimate with his pictures have observed a touch of the Moorish character in them. The Moors communicated, as the inimitable ballads of Lockhart sufficiently testify, something of an Eastern warmth and glow to the Spanish poetry, touching with light the darker parts, like sunshine scattered over a clouded landscape. A drop or so of their impetuous blood mingled with the calmer Castilian, and left a shade of that swart people in the face of many Spaniards. Strangers who visit our National Gallery will be at no loss to single out the work of this eminent painter. The pictures of that collection are connected with each other by kindred ties, there is a general lineament of brotherhood: the Dutch school unites with the Flemish, the Flemish with the English, and the English with the Italian, but there is one picture which in character, colour, and handling differs from all around and unites with none—it is from the pencil of Bartolomeo Estevan Murillo.

This accomplished artist was born at Seville on the 1st day of January, 1618, of the condition of his parents we have no account. A visit to the studio of his relative Juan del Castillo made him a painter, and to him he was indebted for instructions in the use of colours and the science of art. His kinsman seems to have been something of a patron to him, which countenances the supposition that his parents were poor, for when Juan removed to Cadiz, Murillo was obliged, say his biographers, to earn subsistence by painting banners and small pictures for exportation to South America. But the emblazoning of banners was in the earlier days of art a part of the profession too, and honourable and profitable. The small pictures spoken of were chiefly of a religious kind, and ordered by the government, or purchased by wealthy merchants for the churches of the New

World The vigour of his delineations and the natural freshness and force of his colouring began to be widely noticed when Pedro de Moya, on his way through Seville to Cadiz, exhibited some of his pictures painted in the manner of *Vandyke* Murillo was so struck with the beauty and force of those compositions that he resolved to study for the future in the same school he availed himself of such instructions and aid as de Moya could give him, and finding these insufficient, resolved to repair to Rome, the fountain head of art, and seek improvement among the great masters He was now twenty nine years old, the exportation trade had given him bread without augmenting his fortune, he was too poor for an expensive journey, and his friends looked upon it as a wild undertaking and withheld their help Murillo was not of a nature to be daunted with common obstacles, he bought a quantity of canvas, divided it into squares of various sizes, and painted many little pictures of flowers, miracles, angels ascending and descending and on the produce of these reached Madrid on his way to Italy

On his arrival in the metropolis he found Velasquez in a fair way of obtaining permanent fame as well as fortune, Murillo made himself known to his distinguished brother, and informed him of his history and of his plans, Velasquez was struck with the talents and pleased with the enthusiasm of the young painter, he treated him with great kindness—he did more, he persuaded him to seek art in nature, instead of looking for it in pictures, and, to enable him to do this more effectually, obtained him full employment in the Escorial and the various palaces of Madrid The colouring of his new patron pleased him so well that he kept his works in his eye in many of his compositions, and soon succeeded in satisfying his countrymen that a painter rivalling Velasquez and *Vandyke* in force of colour and freedom of handling had arisen among them He remained in Madrid three years, so much had fortune smiled on him that on returning to Seville he had no longer to make his way smooth by manufacturing flower pieces, and so much had his fame risen that he was welcomed back to his native place, as one whose talents conferred honour

He received immediate employment both from the clergy and people of Seville, for the former he painted the cloister of St Francis, and so happily did he handle the history of the saint that his countrymen, say his biographers, could not suppress their admiration and astonishment His picture of the Death of St Clara, and one finer still, St James distributing Alms, carried his reputation high and spread it far, in these he showed himself worthy of being named with the first masters of his country Commissions now poured in from all quarters church after church obtained attractions from his hand nor was he less skilful in portrait delineation than in historic composition, wealth followed fame, and in a short while he acquired what was to him an independent fortune "His success however," says Pilkington, "never led him to be careless of his reputation, he gradually perfected his manner, by giving more boldness to his pencil and without abandoning that sweetness in his colouring which distinguished him

from all his rivals, increasing its strength, and giving greater freedom to his touch”

He was invited to Cadiz, where he painted the grand altar of the Capuchins, and his more celebrated work, the Marriage of St. Catherine. In one of those moments when a man of genius minds nothing save the subject which possesses his fancy, Murillo forgot that he was working on a lofty scaffold, and fell and hurt himself so severely that he continued a sufferer for years, till death relieved him in the month of April, 1682. His works are numerous and of various kinds; he was a painter of history, landscape, flowers, and occasionally portraits. He is altogether of Spanish growth; he never studied out of his native land, and his works bear witness that he went to nature chiefly for all that has given him fame. “This originality of talent,” says one of his biographers, “places him in the first rank among the painters of every school. He has neither the charming dignity of Raphael, the grandeur of Caracci, nor the grace of Correggio, but as a faithful imitator of nature he is second to none; he is sometimes vulgar and incorrect, but he is ever true and natural, and the sweetness, brilliancy, freshness, and harmony of his colouring make us forget all his defects.” We refrain at present from making remarks on the historic style of this eminent painter, inasmuch as we have a noble, and little known, scriptural picture of his in the hands of the engraver, lately consigned from Spain to W. W. Sharp, Esq. of Upper Berkeley street, Portman-square, which will afford us an opportunity of doing his genius justice.

The picture to which these hasty remarks refer was presented to the National Gallery, by M. M. Zachery, Esq.; it measures one foot ten inches high, by one foot four inches wide; is supposed to be a portrait, and is painted with uncommon lightness of pencil.

RICHARD II. RESIGNING THE CROWN TO BOLINGBROKE.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

BROWN.

THIS scene, one of the finest in Shakspeare's historical dramas, is brought before us in this crowded composition, with greater regard to the external pomp and pageantry of such an occasion, than to the *expression* of the many passions at work in the minds of the actors. It is indeed a grand and glittering display of costume, and highly picturesque in its general design and arrangement.

The scene is laid in the noble hall of Westminster.—On the right is the proud figure of Bolingbroke, attended by Northumberland and Percy, and a crowd of adherents; on the other, the "plume-plucked Richard" is seen advancing to resign the crown; the Abbot of Westminster is behind; while in the left-hand corner Aumerle and the Bishop of Carlisle are lamenting the resignation they have no power to prevent. The expression thrown into the persons of the principal agents, Bolingbroke and the King, though not equal to the subject, is not without merit. The struggle in the mind of the unhappy monarch is well expressed, as is also the dissimulation of Bolingbroke, as he affects to consider the resignation of Richard as voluntary.

"BOLING.—I thought you had been willing to resign

K. RICH.—My crown, I am, but still my griefs are mine;

You may my glories and my state depose,

But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

BOLING.—Part of your cares you give me with your crown."

The stern figure of Northumberland in complete armour, leaning on his battle-axe, as he presents, with unfeelingly exultation, to the fallen king the list of his crimes, contrasts well with the deep affliction manifested in the countenance and gestures of the high-minded and loyal Bishop of Carlisle.—But the principal merit of this composition is in the splendour of costume and picturesque grouping;—it may be said to be

—————"Of outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact;"

a style of art, which though pleasing to the general eye, fails equally to satisfy the requirements of the professional critic.



MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE.

REYNOLDS

THIS picture is one of the best of those numerous compositions which unite the dignity of the historic style with the visible truth and individual accuracy of living life. In the production of such a work imagination must unite with skill in portraiture, a natural grace of form and fitness of expression are required in the person whom art has thus to raise into the regions of fancy, and no one ever united those qualities more happily than did Mrs Siddons her majestic person and grandeur of soul may be hoped for again on the stage, or in painters' studies, but cannot surely be expected. Of the same character as this noble picture is the Kemble as Hamlet, by Lawrence, we must not, however, shut our eyes to the circumstance that the eminent sister and brother having forms and looks of the heroic order, their painters had little more to do than make a fine transcript of what they saw before them. The success of the artist, therefore, depended mainly on the fine looks and dignified expression of his sitters, with a less noble countenance Reynolds would not have had the like luck, half of the fame of the picture belongs of right to the actress, nor can it on that account ever have the high reputation it would have enjoyed had it sprung wholly from fancy and been called simply the Tragic Muse.

It is however in this class of half imaginary and half portrait pictures that some of the finest works of the English school are to be found. In this way Romney produced his *Cassandras*, *Circes*, and *Mirandas*, Lawrence too made history borrow looks from living life, but no one equalled Sir Joshua himself in managing and modifying the countenances of the young and the beautiful, so as to pass for *Mercurys*, *Pucks*, *Hebes*, and *Muses*, tragic or comic. This circumstance of itself betokens a deficiency of poetic power among the painters of England, the truth is, that no artist of a very high order of imagination has yet been produced in our schools, they have too little of that almost divine faculty of shaping their pictures in air, and commanding the splendid visions to abide till they invest them with form and colour. We have poetic landscapes of a high order, pictures of domestic life, equal or superior to those of any other nation, portraits, particularly those by Reynolds, of great excellence, and works of the same rank as the Tragic Muse worth a prince's ransom, but we have few pictures of the high historic class worthy of the name, we have no *Chaucers*, *Spensers*, *Shakespeares*, or *Miltons* in art.



The Tragic Muse, with all its merit, must be regarded therefore as only a better sort of portrait. Barry scarcely knows in what light to look upon it. "Sir Joshua's portrait," said he, "of Mrs Siddons, is both for the ideal and the executive the finest picture of the kind perhaps in the world. Indeed, it is something more than a portrait, and may serve to give an excellent idea of what an enthusiastic mind is apt to conceive of those pictures of confined history, for which Apelles was so celebrated by the ancient writers, but this picture of Mrs Siddons, or the Tragic Muse, was painted not long since, when much of his attention had been turned to history." It was of historic studies that Reynolds complained when he said they cost him too much, his imagination was not so ready in producing shapes and looks as the polite world, and a man who had many young countesses to paint was not likely to put his fancy to the pain of calling up ideal forms. We cannot help thinking that the picture would be improved by the omission of the dark attendants, who seem so ready with the dagger and the bowl. The look of the Tragic Muse is so intensely—so loftily mournful, that the sentiment is rather caricatured than strengthened by the presence of those ministers. We may imagine that "the Tragic Muse" is really waited upon by two such despairing damsels, but we cannot exert the same stretch of fancy for Mrs Siddons, flesh and blood never keeps company with airy abstractions.

This noble picture was painted in the year 1784, the great actress was then in the prime of youth and power, when it was finished Reynolds wrought his name in the border of the robe, subduing it down at the same time, so that it might seem at a distance a mere piece of ornamental embroidery. He valued it, we are informed by Northcote, at a thousand guineas, yet sold it, according to Hazlitt, "for two or three hundred pounds, to a Mr Calonne." From the first proprietor, who was a large purchaser of British pictures, it passed to Mr Desenfans, then into the hands of Mr William Smith, Member of Parliament for Norwich, and finally, found a resting place in the Grosvenor Gallery, at an expense of £1760. It has been five times sold and always at an advanced price. "While it was in the possession of Mr Desenfans," says Hazlitt, "a copy was taken of it by a pupil of Sir Joshua's, of the name of Score, which is now in the Dulwich Gallery, and which we always took for an original. The size of the original is larger than the copy. There was a dead child painted at the bottom of it, which Sir Joshua afterwards disliked, and he had the canvas doubled upon the frame to hide it. It has been let out again, but we did not observe whether the child was there, we think it had better not be seen." The critic whom we have quoted was no great admirer of the works of Reynolds, whom he charged with want of imagination and loftiness of sentiment. He says nothing in praise of this truly noble work, and seems insensible to the breadth of style and vigorous harmony of the colouring.

When the admirers of Reynolds talk of his equality with Michael Angelo—

and this has been done by Northcote, Lawrence, and others, the Tragic Muse is one of the pictures which they instance as an example. That the eminent Englishman had singular breadth of style and great force of colouring all must acknowledge, but he wanted that strength of imagination which lifts the illustrious Florentine so high into the regions of poetry. The conceptions of Reynolds are almost exclusively allied to portraiture, and when we look on the noblest of his men and the loveliest of his women, we never regard them as other than creatures of flesh and blood, with whom we may converse and associate; the creations of Michael Angelo are of another order; his men and women seem to belong to a higher race of beings than the present inhabitants of the earth; they have the lineaments of the gods, and looks which belong to Olympus. To all this Northcote resolutely shut his eyes when he pronounced the ancient masters "beasts" compared to Sir Joshua; nor was Lawrence less than wilfully blind when he ranked him with the Angelos, the Correggios, and the Raphaels. The former in his admiration remembered his friend and master, and the latter in extolling the first President of the Academy for his power in 'portrait, supported his own dignity and productions. Posterity will make a large abatement in such overstrained praise, and yet leave Sir Joshua at the head of the British school of portrait painting.

We have no desire to lower Reynolds as an artist; we believe these remarks are more in accordance with the sentiments of the country at large than many artists believe. Professional men are apt to entertain opinions regarding the importance of their own pursuits and the collective talent of the brotherhood, in which the world refuses to share; nor was Sir Joshua himself free from the reproach of spreading delusions when he said, "I am now clearly of opinion that a relish for the higher excellences of art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, and great labour and attention." To men of ordinary minds this may apply, but not surely to those who have any imagination or sensibility.

THE WATERING-PLACE

GAINSBOROUGH

OF this fine picture, presented by Lord Farnborough to the National Gallery, a critic says "It is beautiful and striking, though all it contains are cows drinking, children plying, and trees growing beside a pool of water." Few of the pictures of Gainsborough contain more—he had the art which formed noble scenes out of common things—he sought no fame from his subject, but gave fame to it—he was none of those who desired to connect their names with landscapes renowned in song and story—he selected from nature rather than from history such subjects as suited his pencil, and loved to triumph over rude materials and lift them into the region of poetry. We shall now say something of the life of this great painter.

Thomas Gainsborough was born at Sudbury in the year 1727—his father, who died in good circumstances, was a clothier, a dissenter, a personable man, and of singular habits, for the peasants around averred that he carried about his person a brace of pistols and a dagger. While yet a boy it was observed that the future painter loved to wander along the vales and down the glades, and linger under the old fantastic trees of his native Suffolk. It was in these excursions that a love of art arose in his heart. He took the leisure which school holidays afforded, and with pencil and paper sought to depict the scenery around. Of these early sketches none now exist, but their merit was such as to astonish his father and excite wonder among the neighbours. No fine clump of trees, no picturesque stream, nor romantic glade—no cattle grazing, nor flocks reposing, nor peasants pursuing their pastoral occupations—escaped his diligent pencil. In truth the scenes which first arose on his sight were those which ever afterwards kept possession of his fancy. He saw the hills and dales around him peopled with shepherd herds and their flocks, and husbandmen with their teams, and when he grew up the pictures from which he hoped for fame were transcripts of his native land, exalted by genius and embellished by art.

He had made some progress in the science of his profession when at fourteen he was despatched to London to study under a painter of more skill than reputation—Hayman. With that witty and something dissolute person Gainsborough studied several years from whom he learned his force and his colouring; no one has told us, the style of his master was deficient in vigour, nor was much to be



grained from Gravelot, to whom Edwards ascribes the honour of instructing him in the rudiments of his art. His witty remarks, his lively conversation, his good looks, and his undoubted genius obtained him many friends. He seemed not at all ambitious to gain by his pencil a comfortable livelihood and live undisturbed in a country village were the limits of his wishes, and these seemed so easy of attainment that he returned to his father's house, resolved to make the experiment. He had not perhaps considered ripely how all this was to be achieved, for he continued to reside with his father for some time, and gave himself up entirely to landscape painting.

Accident sometimes performs for man what he is slow in doing for himself. We have not heard that Gainsborough had paid any addresses, further than with the pencil, to the ladies of Suffolk, when he happened to encounter a young woman in one of his solitary walks, who made an instant impression on his heart. It appears that as he was making a sketch of some fine spreading trees, with sheep clustered below and wood doves sitting above, he was aware of an addition to the natural beauty of the scene in the person of Margaret Burr, then in her sixteenth year, and who with good looks inherited good sense, and was moreover said to be descended from the exiled princes of the island. The courtship of the susceptible is sometimes short: soon after this wild wood meeting they were married, left Sudbury for Ipswich, and on a small annuity which his wife brought, the painter commenced a career which conducted him to fame and independence.

Though landscape may be called the natural offspring of Gainsborough's heart, he also excelled in portrait. This sort of skill he found useful. Those who could not admire a fine scene in which art and nature strove for mastery, were capable enough of admiring themselves, and employed the artist in a sort of manufacture, which has been carried to great perfection here. One of those who chiefly admired his own countenance was Thicknesse, governor of Landguard Fort—but then both the painter and patron were eccentric sort of persons: they would do nothing in an ordinary way: when the one was ready to sit the other was not prepared to paint, and when the pencil was wet and the palette in order the sitter was not forthcoming. The governor succeeded at last in offending the painter. Gainsborough went to Bath in the year 1758, and rose into sudden reputation both for landscape and portrait, and for pictures which united both. Thither he was followed by Thicknesse, nay, the latter had the vanity to persuade himself that from his notice the fame of Gainsborough had arisen, and assumed the airs of one in whose train the rising genius of the land was to be found. Pride in poets or in painters is not accounted a sin, and in this the artist was not deficient: offended with a patronage which oppressed him, he escaped from beneath the "Upas tree" and set up his easel in London.

Fired from the "fash of fools," the painter soon vindicated his claim to take

rank with the highest spirits of the land. His portraits, in the opinion of many, rivalled those of Reynolds: and some of them indeed are vigorous in character and splendid in colour: he was not however equal—he had his happier hours less frequently than Sir Joshua, and never enjoyed anything like his popularity. In landscape he was without a rival; not but that Wilson excelled him, as he excelled all others, in the splendour of his poetic scenes; but pictures of the more imaginative kind were not then, any more than now, the favourites of the world: the delineations of Gainsborough required neither history nor fancy in the spectator: they appeared in the public sight as a sort of landscape portraiture in which the hills, and trees, and streams, and the working population of the land were represented with beauty as well as truth.

Like some other artists of his day he had a dispute with the Royal Academy, and there was a coldness between him and Reynolds which continued till Gainsborough was on his death-bed. To Fuseli his success seems to have given much offence, for in that painter's edition of Pilkington an injurious character is given of his genius: with almost all others of his brethren he was on friendly terms; and indeed no one could well dislike him; his ready wit, his generosity and openness of heart won on the cold and the difficult. It was his practice to paint standing: he loved too to work at a distance from his canvas, and used pencils with shafts a couple of ells in length. He rose early, began painting between nine and ten o'clock, wrought diligently for four or five hours, and then gave up the rest of the day to domestic society and to music, of which he was passionately fond. He loved to make sketches during the evenings: when he could not please himself he threw the paper under the table; when he satisfied his fancy he placed the sketch in his portfolio, and if it pleased him, after many days he expanded it into a picture. His reputation is on the rise rather than on the wane, a consolation to all painters who passionately feel the beauties of nature, and can delineate them in glowing colours. He died August 2, 1788, in the sixty-first year of his age—Sheridan and Reynolds accompanied his body to the grave.



THE TRUMPETER

GERARD TERBURG

THIS is a very pleasing picture the characters are well marked, and the story distinctly told. It cannot miss to be felt far and wide. drowsy commanders are not peculiar to Holland, nor a love of innocent drollery confined to its ladies. The painter is something of a satirist—he has imagined a military leader, become corpulent during the tranquillity of a long peace, taking his evening indulgence without the fear of the enemy before him. His fighting days seem to be over, his body is equal to the filling up of a trench or the closing of a breach, and how he will be able to get on horseback—for his spurs denote the equestrian—seems unimaginable, save through the aid of a crane. He has fallen asleep, his massy arms are folded heavily over his ample body, his wig is a little awry, and the wine flask, which may be blamed for this, stands quite handy. The lock of his pistol is closely wrapt in a handkerchief, lest it should go off of its own accord, the plumed hat has fallen on the floor, while his immense spurs appear disposed to invade his own shins.

Into the presence of this military worthy a trumpeter comes, with a letter, it cannot be upon business of pressing emergency, from the quiet and amusing way taken to rouse the commander from his repose. A little cock-nosed, joyous-eyed damsel advances upon him, with the letter in one hand and a straw in the other, and is just in the act of applying the latter to his nose—such is the skill of the artist, that we almost pause with the hope of seeing the huge slumberer arouse himself. The trumpeter seems to enjoy the sport after his own way: his hat is under his arm as a mark of respect, his instrument is in his hand to betoken his vocation, while with his left he is scratching his head and smiling, more in the eyes than with the lips, for he is not unaware that gravity will best become him when his leader awakes. The rich loose dress of the young woman, and the military splendour of the trumpeter, form a fine contrast. The skill of the painter in portraiture has been employed wisely in this picture, we almost envy Mr. Aris, the spirited collector, the possession of a work of such talent, it measures about two feet six inches square, a size larger than what is usual with the artist.

The name of the painter, Gerard Terburg, holds no undistinguished place among the artists of Holland, his pictures are always welcome to the market.

THE TRUMPETER.

GERARD TERBURG

This is a very pleasing picture the characters are well marked, and the story distinctly told. It cannot miss to be felt far and wide. drowsy commanders are not peculiar to Holland, nor a love of innocent drollery confined to its ladies. The painter is something of a satirist—he has imagined a military leader, become corpulent during the tranquillity of a long peace, taking his evening indulgence without the fear of the enemy before him. His fighting days seem to be over, his body is equal to the filling up of a trench or the closing of a breach, and how he will be able to get on horseback—for his spurs denote the equestrian—seems unimaginable, save through the aid of a crane. He has fallen asleep, his massy arms are folded heavily over his ample body, his wig is a little awry, and the wine flask, which may be blamed for this, stands quite handy. The lock of his pistol is closely wrapt in a handkerchief, lest it should go off of its own accord, the plumed hat has fallen on the floor, while his immense spurs appear disposed to invade his own shins.

Into the presence of this military worthy a trumpeter comes, with a letter, it cannot be upon business of pressing emergency, from the quiet and amusing way taken to rouse the commander from his repose. A little cock-nosed, joyous-eyed damsel advances upon him, with the letter in one hand and a straw in the other, and is just in the act of applying the latter to his nose—such is the skill of the artist, that we almost pause with the hope of seeing the huge slumberer arouse himself. The trumpeter seems to enjoy the sport after his own way. His hat is under his arm as a mark of respect, his instrument is in his hand to betoken his vocation, while with his left he is scratching his head and smiling, more in the eyes than with the lips, for he is not unaware that gravity will best become him when his leader awakes. The rich loose dress of the young woman, and the military splendour of the trumpeter, form a fine contrast. The skill of the painter in portraiture has been employed wisely in this picture, we almost envy Mr. Artis, the spirited collector, the possession of a work of such talent, it measures about two feet six inches square, a size larger than what is usual with the artist.

The name of the painter, Gerard Terburg, holds no undistinguished place amongst the artists of Holland, his pictures are always welcome to the market.

MEETING BETWEEN THE TWO SONS OF EDWARD IV.

NORTHCOTE, R. A.

WE have here another picture by the painter of the "Murder of the Princes," which if inferior to that masterpiece, as we may term it, of Northcote, in grandeur of composition, and effect of light and shade, yet displays a considerable portion of skill. To say truth, crowded subjects, in which variety of character and expression is required, are not so well adapted to the genius of this painter, as others in which all the interest is concentrated upon two or three figures. In the exhibition of the graceful he is almost deficient—few indeed of his works are exceptions in this respect.—He excels in single heads, in which strong expression is required, but cannot *keep up* any interest in the arrangement of the accessory figures—they are generally mere blocks.

The general composition of this scene from Richard III. is picturesque and striking: the figure of Hastings is fine and manly—the group of the two princes very pleasing, with the impressive person of Cardinal Bourchier in the background. But the chief skill of the painter is shown in the delineation of the wily Duke of Gloucester. The ample intellectual head—fertile in all the resources of crooked and unscrupulous policy—the deep cunning working in his eye—the plausibility of manner, are all exceedingly well impersonated. The coming tragedy seems written in that look of ominous deceit.

GLO.—My gracious lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you

YORK.—What, will you go unto the Tower, my Lord?

PRINCE.—My Lord Protector needs will have it so.

YORK.—I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

GLO.—Why, sir, what should you fear?

YORK.—Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murdered there

PRINCE.—I fear no uncles dead

GLO.—Nor none that live, I hope.

PRINCE.—And if they live, I hope, I need not fear.

But come, my Lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

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TOBIT AND THE ANGEL

DOMENICHINO

THIS picture tells its story in a clear and elegant way. The youthful Tobit kneels at the brink of a river, and seizing the fish with both hands looks up to the angel, who appears to be instructing him what to do with it. The landscape is as beautiful as the figures, a dewy freshness seems shed over stream and tree and tower, "and though," says Ottley, "every part is delicately finished, such is the freedom of the pencilling, that the whole seems the work only of a few hours." The picture is painted on copper, is seventeen inches high, by thirteen inches wide, and formerly belonged to the Colonna Palace. It is now in the National Gallery, to which it was bequeathed by the Rev. William Holwell Carr.

Domenichino, of the family of the Zampieri, was born at Bologna in the year 1581, he studied some time under Denis Calvart, and making less progress than his talents promised, was removed to the studio of the Carracci, and continued there for a number of years, slowly and visibly improving, both in conception and drawing. He was thoughtful and studious—slow of speech and not quick of hand—his more volatile companions interpreted these into signs of natural dullness, and many were the caricatures which he had to pardon, and the jokes he had to endure at their hands. Regarding all such matters as trifling, he endeavoured by incessant study and labour to gain the mastery of his art, he was secretly encouraged by Annibal Carracci, who observed from the first the fine genius which to his more piercing eyes lay bright under a surface which concealed it from others. Some one remarked to Annibal that his pupil Domenichino promised to be anything but a great painter, "Give him time," said Carracci, "and he will be an honour to us all." His great master saw that his ideas were judicious and that his soul was touched with whatever was beautiful and sublime—and prophesied accordingly.

Yet critics have not been wanting who, after admitting the good sense, reflection, and science in the pictures of Domenichino, refused to consider them as efforts of genius. It is true that we have pictures in public collections, and painters who have been honoured by academies, in neither of which true genius can be detected. Men may acquire the science of the profession, and become skilful in the art of manufacturing handsome limbs and elegant bodies and heads, made in conformity to rule, and may also be able to unite them together, but



without genius they cannot endow them with passion or with feeling; they can at most but give a sort of convulsive animation, such as galvanism communicates to a dead body. To artists of that stamp Domenichino did not belong; he infused meaning and soul into all his works; his quiet grandeur has been mistaken for coldness, and his well-arranged and harmonious groups have been numbered with things mechanical. Lanzi speaks of him with a sort of frosty civility compared to his raptures about other of his brethren. "He became celebrated," says the Abbé, "for his design; was employed chiefly in *frieres* for chambers, in architecture and landscape in fresco, sometimes in conjunction with Dentoni and Colonna,—sometimes alone. He was also a finished artist of pictures for private rooms, occasionally exhibiting there copious histories, as in that we read of in the full and well drawn-up catalogue of the Sig. Canon Vianelle's pictures at Chioggia. It presents us with the entrance of the Pontiff into the city of Bologna. It is not surprising that he should be acknowledged and esteemed even in the Venetian territories, having been the preceptor of Tuminiani, and master of Pierantonio Cersa, who painted a good deal for the Paduan State." The fame of the painter for a loftiness of expression, sometimes reaching the sublime, seems well established in the world, and cannot well be shaken by the cavils of the fastidious and the critical.

Domenichino united high qualities in his compositions; he excelled in landscape as well as in historical painting, and loved to blend the classic elegance of his groups with the simple loveliness of nature. His trees, vales, streams, mountains, and skies, covered with sunny clouds, are blended into one grand harmony. It is nevertheless true of some of his compositions, that they have an architectural or bloodless sort of look, and seem to have been painted as compositions to fill up a certain space, as we see statues on a building, which express nothing and are only figures. Reynolds described Domenichino's picture of Susanna and the Elders in these depreciating words: "She is sitting at a fountain, the two elders are behind a balustrade; her head is fine, as are those of the old men, but it is upon the whole a barren composition. There is as much expression in the Susanna as perhaps can be given, preserving at the same time beauty; but the colour is inclinable to chalk; she is awkwardly placed by herself in the corner of the picture, which appears too large for the subject; the canvass not being sufficiently filled."

This great painter loved music, coveted solitude, was of a mild temper, and of a courteous deportment. His merit drew down envy; he was insulted and persecuted by his brethren, and died in 1641, not without suspicion of poison.



LEAVING THE MILL.

LOUTHERBOURG.

THIS picture, belonging to the collection of John Slater, Esq., is one of the best landscapes we have seen from the pencil of Loutherbouurg. He was a great master in his way: no one knew better how to make the little that nature had done for him go far; his skill in theatrical scenery enabled him to single out readily all the glittering materials of the picturesque, and his academic experience aided him in arranging them on his canvas in a striking and imposing manner. His eye was familiar with foreign nature, and over-sea art, and something of another land mingles in all his productions; yet one or two of the leading features of our island landscape may be traced in the work before us: a picture resembling it in some degree is at present in the Royal Collection, where it is called a Castle in Wales. Nevertheless we are inclined to regard it as a composition: nature seldom crowds so many interesting matters into such small compass: Loutherbouurg was intimate with all the resources and common-places of art, and knew how to blend them together and work them up with effect. Here we have a ruined castle to recall past times, with architecture indicating the Gothic race who raised it: a mill formed among the ruined defences, with its machinery turned by the stream which, once filled the fosse, to show that peace and industry have triumphed; while shrubs and trees, like the vines in the versified conceit of Addison,

“Anxious to conceal great Bourbon’s crimes,”

cover with their thick foliage those rents in the shattered fortress which jarred with the general harmony of the composition. Cattle are drinking or cooling their hoofs in a little pond of quiet water; rustics are removing their well-filled sacks from the mill, while a female mendicant with her child lingers on the road, feeling the fragrance, perhaps, of the warm new-ground meal, or sensible, like most of the wandering race, of the beauty of the scene around.

Philip James de Loutherbouurg was born at Strasburgh in the year 1740; his father, principal painter to the Prince Hanau Darmstadt, had studied with success under Largilliere; but though an artist himself, he had no desire to see his son embrace his precarious profession, and destined him for the engineer department of the army, while his wife, a devout and earnest Lutheran, wished to have him trained up for the ministry of the church. As a liberal education was

and the painter attributed, and with justice, some of the praise showered upon Garrick, when he triumphed on the scene, to the charms of his own pictorial compositions and the fascination of his colours.

The approbation of the pit and galleries was not lost on the Royal Academy; in the year 1782 Louthembourg was admitted a member, and became in rotation a visitor and one of the council. His success at the theatre emboldened him to try the effect of a series of moving pictures, in which he sought to unite the machinist and the painter, by giving motion as well as form: that nothing might be wanting to allure and detain public attention, he added music to the representation, and called his entertainment "Eidophusikon" or an imitation of nature. At first the town wondered what all this might be, painting, music, and an unpronounceable name brought crowds for a space; but a strange fish, which the ingenuity of a sailor, tortured into something like a mermaid, made its appearance, and the Eidophusikon was neglected and forgotten. Louthembourg after this exhibition, which brought money, notwithstanding its brief fame, painted the Review of Warley Camp, which found a place in the Royal Collection; the Victory of Earl Howe, and the Siege of Valenciennes. He died at his residence in Chiswick in the year 1812.

His genius as a painter was not of a high order: his excellence lay in landscape; his scenery was sometimes beautiful, but he delighted in violent contrasts and in glaring colours. His pictures belong to the picturesque school: he was skilful in composition, he knew where to plant a tree, pour a cascade, drop his cattle, scatter his shepherds, and raise a ruined tower or a crumbling temple. In short, he was one of those artists produced by the cherishing heat of academies rather than by nature's genial warmth; he stood high in his day, but every year is taking something from his fame; such must be the fate of all in whom art is stronger than nature.

THE MURDER OF THE YOUNG DUKE OF RUTLAND.

NORTHCOTE.

WE have already, in the course of this collection, presented our subscribers with several of the compositions of Northcote, the finest of which was the "Murder of the Children in the Tower." His powerful pencil seems to be at home in scenes of terrible interest, in the merciless deeds which sprang from the fierce animosities and struggles of that period of civil convulsion, the wars of the Red and White Roses. In the battle near Sandal Castle in Yorkshire, the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, is overtaken with his tutor by Lord Clifford and his soldiery. Revenge for his father's death urges this nobleman to murder the innocent child.

RUT.—Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands!
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD and SOLDIERS.

CLIF.—Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life
As for the brat of this accursed Duke
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

TUT.—And I, my lord, will bear him company.

CLIF.—Soldiers, away with him

TUT.—Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[Exit, forced off by SOLDIERS.]

CLIF.—How now! is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

RUT. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah! gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford, let me speak before I die,—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

CLIF.—In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

The painter has given a painful interest to his exhibition of this scene of



ruthless cruelty. The poor child, in the midst of his fell pursuers, surrounded with stern steel-clad warriors, whose souls were incapable of pity as their aspect was rude and threatening, is pourtrayed in a very touching manner; the earnest horror-struck expression of the tutor, pleading for his life, and seizing the avenging blade of the murderer is also very fine. The figure of Clifford,

" whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy,"

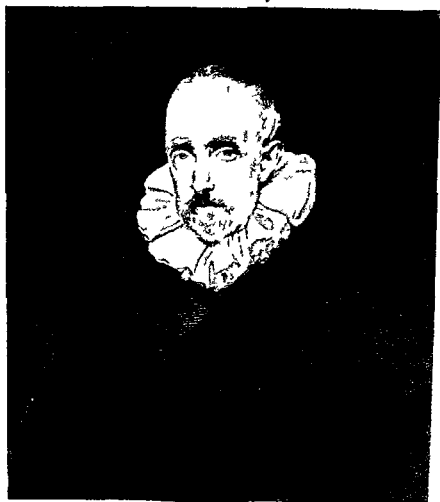
is the very personation of a fierce Baron of this stormy period of our annals. The expression of his countenance is horrible and almost fiend-like, the very spirit of revenge seems to hurry him into blood. The composition of the fierce soldiery tearing away the tutor, and the air of turbulence and horror given to the whole picture, are in a style of rude grandeur well suited to the scene.

GASPAR GEVARTIUS

VANDIKE

ANTHONY VANDYKE was born at Antwerp, 22nd March, 1599, his father was a merchant, some say a worker in stained glass, and his mother excelled in flower painting and embroidery. He studied with Van Balen, and was admitted to the gallery of Rubens, whose jealousy he is idly said to have excited by the elegance of his outlines and the harmony of his light and shade. He left his native place in his twenty first year, and on a horse of his great master's giving, departed for Rome. He fell in love, it seems, by the way, and setting up his easel at Brussels, painted his mistress, and at her request made an altar piece for a church, and then, but not without a friendly remonstrance from Rubens, continued his journey. In Rome he astonished the artists, of even those palmy days for painters, by the magnificence of his mode of living, and at Venice he raised the wonder of the brethren by his skill in imitating, and that with no servile hand, the hitherto matchless colouring of Titian. His fame reached Charles the First, almost the only British King that has shown a true taste for art, who persuaded him to settle in London, where he painted the chief men of his day, received the honour of knighthood, and obtained to wife Mary Ruthven grand-daughter of the unfortunate Earl of Gowrie, and one of the maids of honour to the queen. By this lady, whose portrait he has left us, he had one child, a daughter, whose descendant was Stepney, called by the courtesy of criticism, a poet. Vandyke died in the forty second year of his age, and was buried in Old St. Paul's.

Three artists of different countries stand undisputed masters in portrait painting. Titian for force of colouring, Vandyke for elegance, and Reynolds for freedom, are as yet without rivals. If Vandyke is surpassed by the Venetian in light and shade, and by the Englishman in natural ease, he excels them both in heroic elegance and dignity of soul. It is true that Walpole charges him with unfruitfulness of fancy, Fuseli, with imitating Titian, and Hazlitt, a better authority in painting than in poetry, accuses him of "a somewhat effeminate cast of colour and expression," and with "wearing an air of faded gentility." I believe the opinion of the world differs from the sentiment of the first and last of these critics. Occasionally indeed a deficiency in natural vigour may be observed, nor has he always contrived to conceal the labour which his compositions cost him. A want too of unconscious loveliness and grace may be urged as a defect in many of his



female heads. But all this is nothing compared with the manly elegance and the heroic dignity of his best works; in this he has surpassed all other artists, he has no violent attitudes nor postures which require explanation; he is all energy and motion, but then it is less the energy of body than of mind; and when it is his pleasure to put his sitter in a somewhat startling position, he brings his work back to nature and beauty, by the wondrous freedom of his pencil, and the command which he has over all the movements of the human frame.

It is said by Dryden that Shakspeare never ventured but once to paint a true gentleman; Vandyke could delineate nothing else; his Dutch artists and Burgomasters look equal to the founding of academics and the establishment of empires; and the splendid file of nobles and warriors whom he painted during the days of Charles the First, seem to have been extinguished in the great civil war, for our painters can seldom find such heads to imitate in these later days. There are some two hundred and odd portraits in this country from the pencil of Vandyke: it would be well to select the finest of these, and exhibit them along with a hundred or so of the best works of Reynolds, for the use and admonition of some of the face-painters of our own day, whose likenesses are frequently tame both in posture and expression. The true way to estimate the great merit of Vandyke is to take up Clarendon, and while we read the historian's characters of the chiefs of his time, compare them with the heads of the painter; there is a singular resemblance between them, which shows that the artist had something more than outward shape in his mind when he painted portraits. The heads of King Charles, Laud, Vilhers, Strafford, Newcastle, Pembroke, Percy, Hay, Cottington, Richmond, Arundel, Derby, Goring, Rupert, Maurice, Digby, Hamilton, Montrose, Falkland, Lindsay, Warwick, and others, will be found to correspond in no small degree with the notions awakened by Clarendon, in his all but living descriptions.

Though we have written Gevartius at the head of this brief notice of the artist and his productions, we must not conceal from our readers that the portrait has other names. It is not the least amusing part of the history of this work to learn that Gaspar Gevartius, or Gevaerts, is as little likely to be the true name as that of Vander-Giest, though the antiquarians of Antwerp assert the one, and Dallaway, in Major's splendid edition of Walpole, contends learnedly for the other. *This wish to find a name shows how much the world expects one in a portrait, and the readiness with which names have been found, warn us to put little faith in all that are doubtful.* It is much to the honour of the painter that a portrait under the disgrace of an alias, continues to rank with the finest of his productions. It is painted on wood, and was originally little more than the head with some indications of the shoulders; additions, we know not by what hand, have been made, and the bust part is completely cloaked up, not so much in strict keeping with the head as to make it correspond with the character of "learned civilian and town-clerk of Antwerp," which the foreign authorities contend for. Hazlitt

says, "it is not the best specimen of the painter; it has," he observes, "too many streaks of blood colour, too many marks of the pencil to convey an exact idea of Vandyke's characteristic excellence; his most striking portraits are those which just look like a gentleman or lady seen in a looking-glass—and neither more nor less." This is no unfair account of this fine portrait; but the critic has not been so correct in his general estimate of the works of Vandyke. Otley dissents from his brother critic; "the picture before us," says he, "is painted in Vandyke's most studied and finished manner; the face being admirably drawn and full of character; the eyes having all the liquid lustre of reality, and the carnations possessing the softness, the transparency, and the animated glow of nature itself." It was the aim of that great master to paint more than what he saw—to represent the qualities of mind; moreover he considered it necessary to tamper with living forms; he looked on them with a scientific eye; he lessened without hurting the character of a large mouth or nose; he refused to perpetuate what he considered the excesses of nature, and sought to preserve individual likeness, while he brought it closer to the rules of science. Had the heads of Vandyke been confronted with the living originals the compasses of mechanical criticism might have shown them incorrect as to exact quantity, while true judgment would have felt the truth and force of the mental expression. Many artists will consider these remarks as flat heresy; they are true nevertheless; and the finest heads in modern painting and sculpture are executed on these principles. The Gevartius was sold by auction in 1796, for two hundred and thirty guineas; was purchased two years afterwards at the sale of Bryan's collection for three hundred and forty guineas, and finally came into Angerstein's keeping for five hundred guineas. It is now at rest in the National Gallery.

THE MOUNTEBANK

JAN STEEN

"JAN STEEN," says Reynolds, "has a strong manly style of painting, which might become even the design of Raphael, and he has shown the greatest skill in composition and management of light and shadow, as well as great truth in the expression and character of his figures" Every word of this equally brief and happy description is realized in the picture of "The Mountebank" The scene is laid in a country village, which seems to require the repairing hand of the mason, as much as its old and time worn inhabitants need the skill of the "Mediciner" War as well as years seems to have been dealing with both, and left visible traces behind, nigh a shattered tower and contiguous to several rustic dwellings the Medical Mountebank has pitched his tent, mounted his stage, and aided by a Merry Andrew, whose face yields more mirth than his fiddle yields of music, and a demure and solemn associate to countenance his pretensions, he stands, phial in hand, lecturing the gathered and still gathering people The whole scene is full of character and life, such variety of human emotion can only be found in the pictures of Hogarth, and without doubt our great dramatic painter had Jan Steen in his mind when he conceived one or two of his compositions Butler must have been musing too on something similar, when he drew the memorable conclusion,

"Surely the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat

Here we have people gray with time panting to have their youth restored, the lame have crawled or hobbled forth with the hope of being sent home skipping and leaping, while one worthy old dame is hurrying with her half dead husband in a wheelbarrow, that he may have the benefit of that blessed tincture which restores vigour to man, as the sap of spring restores beauty to the trees of the garden The motley audience are full of hope, the bald see in fancy the waving of luxuriant locks, the pale and the withered anticipate bloom and beauty, the frail and crippled have visions of health and strength, and all seem to be looking for a change, save a plump and ruddy maid, who, with bare arms, bare neck, and bare feet, ventures among the group, with her pitcher on her head, and pauses that an old man leaning over his staff may steal a look at her of mingled affection and envy Perhaps the only melancholy personage present is a half starved monkey on the



beholder." Reynolds helps us, in his own brief way, to the character of another of this painter's compositions. "Cabinet of M. Gart, Amsterdam. Drinking and Gaming by Jan Steen, a large composition of about twenty figures, well drawn and coloured; one of the women, who has thrown her leg over a bag-pipe player, has a great degree of beauty." The free and indecorous expression of some of his pictures cannot be better intimated than in the words of the president

The works of Jan Steen brought moderate prices while he lived, at his death in 1689, they rose in the market at once. They are far from numerous; he painted only when he desired to raise money, and sold only to supply immediate demands. He was not a regular manufacturer, who wrought off a certain number of yards of coloured canvas per week; he painted by fits and starts, and as he generally took to the easel only when the spirit commanded, he was enabled to give a force and character to his compositions, not common amongst his brethren. It has been urged as a fault in his pictures, that as some of his figures are ill-drawn, he was consequently less skilful in the human form than became such a master. Part of the original humour of the conception seems to reside in the odd shapes and queer looks of the principal characters: bestow scientific beauty on their bodies and the drollery is abated; a handsome figure trying to enact Apollo is not so laughable as one with bow-legs and a hunchback putting on the god.

Jan Steen stands third in Reynold's list of eminent Dutch painters, he places only Rembrandt and Teniers before him; the colouring of the latter is unequalled, while in force Rembrandt is more than a match for any artist of that school. Our own Wilkie has sometimes been compared with Jan Steen, but the comparison is not happy; they have both exercised their talents on humble themes, and handled them with singular force—there the resemblance ends. There is a moral dignity and a quiet pathos amid Wilkie's humour, which reminds us much of the poetry of Burns; Jan Steen, on the other hand, seemed satisfied with a vivid presentation of life; to raise a laugh and obtain a purchaser seemed his chief object, and this he never failed to accomplish. His pictures are rare in England.

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extremity of the pole, right over the stage; the mountebank has uncorked the phial containing his blessed elixir; the effluvia seems to have reached pug, and the arched-up back and the puckered-up face indicate that the odour is at least not fragrant. The picture is in the very interesting collection of Charles Heusch, Esq., of Bedford Square, and is of the cabinet size.

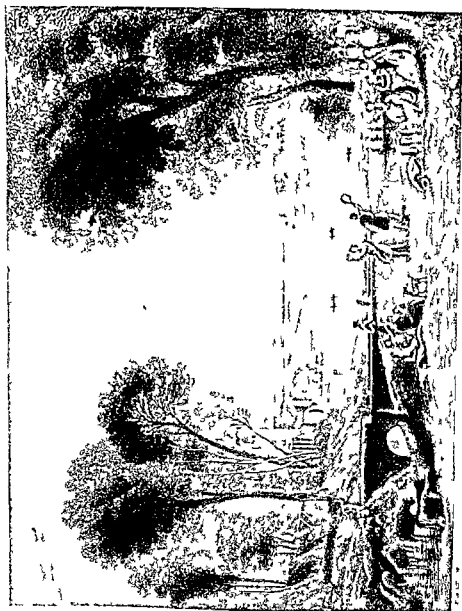
Jan Steen was born at Leyden, in the year 1636. A taste for art came upon him when a child; he drew with so much skill that his father, who designed him for a brewer, placed him under Nicholas Knuffer, with whom he mastered the science of painting, but he completed his education in the studio of John Van Goyen, with whose daughter he fell in love, and married when he was some twenty years old or so. The produce of his pencil was so trifling that his father established him in a brewery at Delft; but the daily sight of liquor, and the practice of proving the strength of it, were too much for his resolution—he gave way to intemperance, and the speculation failed. His second choice of a business was no wiser than the first, he opened a tavern, but he drank as stoutly as his customers did, and the profits were found unequal to the maintenance of his household. His biographers have expressed both sorrow and anger with him on account of these injurious habits of indulgence, and some of them seem to think that for a time the painter was lost in the toper. They have not, however, explained to us how he happened, while keeping the brewery and the tavern, to improve his eye and hand, both in composition and colour, and paint some of his best pictures. He relinquished the tavern, and betaking himself to the pencil obtained what he coveted—livelihood and fame.

He sought for his subjects in living life around him, and like a true genius, found them in abundance. As he desired to deal with the drolleries and merriments and enjoyments of life, he frequented fairs and weddings, and uppling bouts, and never returned without an increase of knowledge;—when he saw a little of what he wanted, his fancy made out the rest. “Few painters,” says Pilkington, “have animated their figures more than Jan Steen, or equalled him in the strength of expression. His drawing might sometimes be censurable, but his design was generally correct, his figures well disposed, and his characters strongly marked; his touches light, easy, and free; and his colouring appears always lively and natural. A capital picture of his painting is a Mountebank, attended by a number of spectators, in which the countenances are wonderfully striking, full of humour and variety. Another of his remarkable pieces represented a wedding; it consisted of the parents, the bride, the bridegroom, and a notary. Every person in the composition was exceedingly natural, with surprising expression in the old as well as the young. The notary is engaged in attending to the words which he has to write down; the bridegroom appears in a violent agitation, as if dissatisfied with the match, the bride seems to be in tears. The subject of another picture was the funeral of a Quaker; in which each face was distinguished by so strong, so droll, and so humorous a cast of features as to excite mirth in the

beholder' Reynolds helps us, in his own brief way, to the character of another of this punter's compositions "Cabinet of M Girt, Amsterdam Drinking and Gaming by Jan Steen, a large composition of about twenty figures, well drawn and coloured, one of the women, who has thrown her leg over a bag pipe player, has a great degree of beauty" The free and indecorous expression of some of his pictures cannot be better intimated than in the words of the president

The works of Jan Steen brought moderate prices while he lived, at his death in 1689, they rose in the market at once They are far from numerous, he painted only when he desired to ruse money, and sold only to supply immediate demands He was not a regular manufacturer, who wrought off a certain number of yards of coloured canvas per week, he painted by fits and starts, and as he generally took to the easel only when the spirit commanded, he was enabled to give a force and character to his compositions, not common amongst his brethren It has been urged as a fault in his pictures, that as some of his figures are ill drawn, he was consequently less skilful in the human form than became such a master Part of the original humour of the conception seems to reside in the odd shapes and queer looks of the principal characters bestow scientific beauty on their bodies and the drollery is abated, a handsome figure trying to enact Apollo is not so laughable as one with bow legs and a hunchback putting on the god

Jan Steen stands third in Reynold's list of eminent Dutch painters, he places only Rembrandt and Teniers before him, the colouring of the latter is unequalled, while in force Rembrandt is more than a match for any artist of that school Our own Wilkie has sometimes been compared with Jan Steen, but the comparison is not happy, they have both exercised their talents on humble themes, and handled them with singular force—there the resemblance ends There is a moral dignity and a quiet pathos amid Wilkie's humour, which reminds us much of the poetry of Burns, Jan Steen, on the other hand, seemed satisfied with a vivid presentation of life, to raise a laugh and obtain a purchaser seemed his chief object, and this he never failed to accomplish His pictures are rare in England



THE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL OF ISAAC AND REBECCA.

CLAUDE LORRAINE

On this fine Landscape is written by the hand that painted it, "Clandio Gelinv. Roma: 1649." and it is supposed by some men wise in such matters to be a repetition of that celebrated picture in Prince Doria's Gallery, at Rome, known by the name of "La Molina," or the Mill. I know not how this may be, but I have heard those who know both, say that enough of difference exists to entitle them to be considered as almost separate works. The leading features are much the same, and there is a mill in both; but the mill in the picture in the National Gallery is far from forming the main attraction of the scene, nor in truth can the marriage feast be regarded as the crowning beauty of the whole. The broad and lake-like river lying calm in the sunshine; the grand masses of pillared ruins rising on either side, and telling of the waste of war or of time: and the hill,

"Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky,"



We now come to the gathered and gathering groups which gave the present name to the picture. Under the shade of the trees, on the right hand, the party of the bride are met, some are seated on the ground, others stretched on the grass, a few are standing or walking about, while, to cheer them and maintain a look of joy, a girl and a youth dance merrily on the green to the sound of their own music. Nor have they come empty handed, cups, beakers, and well filled baskets are heaped on the ground, and boats seem ready on the river to add an excursion on the water to the other pleasures of the bridal day. They are evidently waiting for something, and on looking to the left, we soon see what it is—the bridegroom and his train come on horseback down one of the glades of the forest, some are hastening onwards, but the leader is holding his hand above his brow that he may see more clearly the loveliness of the landscape, or rather the party of the bride making merry amongst the neighbouring trees. There is a variety of objects in this picture. The wide weir or dam across the river, which breaks the monotonous expanse of surface and adds a waterfall, and the distant bridge with its long succession of arches, may be named as secondary yet beautiful things. There are some objects, however, which seem little akin to the ruling character of the whole, of these the mill is the most objectionable, but the objection lies chiefly in the name, the painter, with that poetic tact which distinguishes all his works, has concealed in trees, or in fine runs, all that is vulgar or mechanical, we see little else than the wheel dim among the spray and thick droppings, and the stream which turns it falling in foaming lines from the buckets. A high and antique tower beside it leads the eye from “*La Molin*,” and induces the spectator to think of days when a banner was on its summit and lights were in the windows.

I cannot help imagining that either the historical costume of this picture is incorrect, or that some mistake has been made in naming it. The character of the work speaks of a later day than that of Isaac and Rebecca, if we admit that the patriarch lived sumptuously, though he dwelt in tents and had his vessels of silver and gold, we cannot so readily allow that he held his wedding festival among ruins of cities and temples in the Grecian style of architecture, or that the bridal train rode over Roman bridges. The lofty porticoes, far extending colonnades, and the bridge with its many semi circular arches, bring our thoughts down rather to the days of Constantine than carry them up to the primitive times of the patriarchs. Schlegel speaks of a painter who in a picture from Homer made Priam follow the body of Hector into a Gothic church. The present picture is not so far out of harmony with history, but if the name be right and what the painter meant, it would have been as well had the architecture been more Eastern in its looks, the scene has the look rather of Italy than of Judea, in truth I suspect that the true name is lost, and that the present one is a sort of antiquarian guess, and none of the happiest.

I shall have another opportunity of speaking of the character of Claude as a

man and an artist, an engraving from one of his loveliest pictures in the collection of Her Majesty will grace a future number, I may content myself with briefly stating that no one ever felt or expressed better the poetry of a landscape. He made it his study to be acquainted with the varying aspects of nature, the changing hues of the sky in sunshine or in storm, the shifting colours of a field of grass as the wind sweeps over and dishevels it, the light and shade of the forest, nay, the hues of the individual trees which compose it, and the fleeting beauty of the evening clouds, when

“ They turn their silver linings on the night,”

were all matters to him of curious thought. But though an ardent admirer of nature, he had the fine sense to perceive that even in her fairest pictures there is much that cannot come within the range of poetic composition, he therefore took what he saw rather as materials to work upon, beautify, and combine, than as scenes to copy as they stood, and to this we owe so many truly harmonious landscapes. I look upon him as a sort of Spenser in paint, the exquisite sense and feeling of the following verses are in poetry what Claude is in composition and harmony of colours

“ The joyous birds shrouded in cheerful shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet,
 The angelical soft trembling voices made
 To the instruments divine response meet/
 The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmur of the water's fall;
 The water fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all ”

The present picture was painted, it is said, for the Duke de Bouillon, it belonged to the collection of Angerstein, and is now in the National Gallery. In length it is six feet seven inches, and in height four feet eleven inches.



PORTRAIT IN CHARACTER.

MORTIMER

THIS is one of those pictures which characterize the British School of painting. In works half nature, half fiction, Reynolds excelled more than in pictures of pure invention, it was his practice to pick up some wandering mendicant with a good head and much leisure, and brooding over it, endow it with sentiment, adorn it with all the graces of colour and call it a banished lord, or any other name calculated to excite public curiosity and bring purchasers. In the same manner, but with greater latitude of action, Mortimer created many of the works by which his name is known to the world. His heads from Shakspeare, particularly that fine one embodying the passage commencing with

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling"

are part portrait and part ideal, and it is to the honour of his fancy that they look the characters of the great poet as well, and in some instances better, than the creations of other painters.

Mortimer was fond of the wild, the savage, and the wonderful, and it was his pleasure in the fine picture before us to imagine himself a chief of banditti—a Rob Roy of the mountains—and stamp a sort of poetic grandeur on his looks and on his costume. The passionate energy which he has bestowed, the parted lips, the restless eye, and the loosened hair, all speak of a life of excitement, while the certainty that it is the likeness of Mortimer himself adds to its value as well as its beauty. Indeed, though every sitter has not a head fit for martial enterprises, we would prefer portraits in character, to those tame and insipid likenesses with which our exhibitions are filled. Jackson as well as Reynolds limned himself in character, and we always reckoned the picture of the latter, with the palette on his thumb, the brush in his hand, and his eye brightened with the success of his labours, as one of the happiest of his productions.

Of John Hamilton Mortimer, less is known than his merits deserve, all that we can learn of his parentage, is, that he was the son of a miller at Eastbourne in Sussex, the youngest of four children, and claimed descent from Mortimer, Earl of March. His uncle was a wandering artist, who travelled from district to district, painting a portrait here and a landscape there, and an altar piece for a church, according to the taste or demands of his employers. The works of his relative exercised an early influence over the mind of Mortimer, he studied, he

copied them, and as his skill increased he carried his speculations further, and made original designs from nature and from fancy. On this strong manifestation of his powers his father consented that he should try his fortune in art, and through the aid of a relative, a hundred pounds premium was paid for his admission into the studio of the once famous Hudson.

The first object of Mortimer was to acquire skill in colouring, in drawing he perhaps already equalled the best artists of his day. In colouring, however, he never excelled, he had consumed so many years in sketching, and was reckoned so dexterous in delineating banditti that he found a better market for his drawings than for his paintings. Bred on the sea coast amid hereditary smugglers, he was familiar with all their wild and daring ways, and with a pencil and paper in his hand has been known to seek out the most savage places, and in spite of the presence of contraband dealers and their known ferocity, delineate what picture dealers called "*Salvator Rosa* sort of scenes," giving the landscape and the people in character. He loved to depict agitated seas, foundering ships, banditti plundering, rough rocks and shaggy woods, and all such places as robbers by land or pirates by sea love to frequent. To this rude academy much of the peculiarity which marks the works of this artist may be traced, it conferred a boldness of conception and handling unknown then in the English school.

Mortimer's genius was soon perceived in London, and those who wished well to it advised him to study a more serene grandeur of style, such as may be readily found in antique sculpture. He had too little patience for this, but he attended, among other students, at the *Gallery of Antique Casts*, established by the munificent Duke of Richmond. This he called his dead school, the school on the Sussex coast was his living one, and we have heard it remarked that the presence of those splendid statues, sobered a little the style of Mortimer, and taught him precision and regularity. Cipriani and Moser found him out in this place, and spoke so favourably of his genius to the Duke of Richmond, that his Grace desired much to employ him according to the practice of those days, in painting the walls and ceilings of his mansions. The offer was politely declined for Mortimer was one of those original minded men who cannot work on dictated subjects and spaces defined, moreover he was whimsical and wayward, delighted in following the meteors of his own fancy, and in revelling with such brethren of the art as had money to spend and time to spare.

Having disciplined his hand in the Richmond Gallery, he undertook to paint a large picture of St Paul converting the Britons to Christianity. It was so favourably received, that the Society for the Encouragement of Arts awarded him their premium of a hundred pounds, the picture was purchased by Dr Bates, and presented to the Church of Chipping Wycombe in Buckinghamshire. His fame being raised by this work, he painted *Magna Charta*, the *Battle of Agincourt*, and *Vortigern and Rowena*. There is much of the animation and fiery tumult of

a heady fight in Agincourt, and in Vortigern and Rowena, he represents with considerable force and effect the festival of the Britons and Saxons, and the island prince presenting the brimming cup to the blooming princess. His landing of Julius Cæsar was but a sketch, it, however, surpasses the Battle of Agincourt in variety of grouping and in variety of scene. The Roman is making his descent on the coast, the legions, encumbered with mail and above the knees in water, hold their bucklers before them, with their short sharp swords behind, and push shoreward, while the Britons, half naked and ferocious, rush upon them, and

The battle closes thick and bloody

But the shower of stones and darts from the distant shipping upon the advancing islanders throws them into confusion, and Cæsar, like Fingal, standing tall in his ship, is commanding his boats round to a readier part of the coast to take their foes in flank. A Battle of Hastings, from the same hand, is more tame and less picturesque.

Fuseli accuses Mortimer of weakness of conception, he might have charged him with extravagance. There is a continual bustle, a desire to do more than is necessary in all his pictures and drawings. He has vigour about him, but it is of the convulsive kind, he does all by muscular force and by protracted straining, he can do nothing in tranquillity, his heroes draw their swords like furies, his landitti seem to be dividing the world rather than a purse, and his ladies will not be quiet and let their charms work their way, they stare and strut and put on sentiment too strong to be becoming. He died in his thirty eighth year, sensible of a double extravagance in his actions as well as his pictures. The original from which our Portrait in Character is copied belongs to John Slater, Esq.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST

ACT IV—SCENE I.

HAMILTON, P A

THE talents of Hamilton were better adapted for the illustration of the lighter and gayer scenes of Shakspeare, than for such as required the display of sentiment or passion, to which he was manifestly unequal. In the forest glades of

As you like it," peopled by graceful groups of the poet's creation, and in the sprightly characters of "Love's Labour Lost," he would be at home, when in the variety of character and expression of many other comedies, he would as certainly fail. He has had the wisdom to keep to a class of subjects in which his talents could find a fitting field. The composition before us reminds us of the lovely scenes of Watteau, there is the same graceful blending of natural scenery with the habits of a court. The landscape is indeed very beautifully managed, an elegant fancy is displayed in the arrangement of the groups, which are gradually lost among the distant glades of the forest, the gleam of distant water and faint blue of the mountains finely "lead off," to use a technical phrase, the other parts of the picture, and give it a serenity and repose. We quote the scene which has furnished this pleasing composition.

A PART OF THE PARK

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, LORD, ATTENDANTS and a FORESTER

PRIN — Was that the King that spurred his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

BOYET — I know not; but I think it was not he.

PRIN — Whoe'er he was, he showed a mounting mind.
Well, Lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

FOR — Here by, upon the edge of yonder copse;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

I PRIN — I thank my leant, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

FOR — I pardon me, Madam, for I meant not so.

PRIN — What! what! first praise me and again say, no?
O short-lived pride! not fair, alas! for woe!



MOTHER AND CHILD

PARMEGIANO

A curious and not unstructive volume might be written on the adventures of works of art. The polished people of Greece little imagined that their gods and goddesses would be carried into captivity by the barbarians of the north, by men despising them as idols, but admiring them as efforts of genius. To come nearer our own day, the effeminate inhabitants of Italy never, perhaps, for a moment supposed that an invader would come upon them, coveting their wealth less than their works of art, and still less probably did that most tasteful of all conquerors surmise that he should live to see his magnificent collection of pictures dispersed, many, but not all, finding their way to their original owners. Among the pictures which returned not to their proper proprietors, is the one before us, the *Mother and Child*, by Parmegiano. When the French army entered Naples, this truly beautiful work was seized along with many others cut out of its frame, and sent to Paris. In the lapse of time the arms of the allies performed the part of an auctioneer's hammer to the pictures of Napoleon—the *Mother and Child* left Paris, but did not find the road to Italy, it is now in the very select collection of John Slater, Esq.

The following description of this fine work is written by Sir Robert Strange who admired, and it is believed engraved it. “This picture was shown to me at Naples, as representing the portrait of the favourite of the painter, but whether it is so, or is only an ideal head of the Madonna, I shall not decide. The mother gently *feels with her finger the teeth of the child*, the head of the latter is much in the style of Correggio, and the head and hand of the mother are both elegant and graceful, indeed, the works of Parmegiano abound with grace.” To this we may add, that though the halo round the head of the mother indicates divinity, yet the action of her hand, the anxiety of her eye, and the peculiar look of the child, unite them closely to domestic life, and give them a place in our affections. Had the painter bestowed a little more of celestial sentiment and hue he would have raised his work out of the region of human sympathy—made a grander, but a less touching picture.

Of this great artist much has been said and written. Francesco Mazzuoli called Parmegiano or Parmigianino, was born at Parma, in the year 1503. His father died when he was very young, and his uncles, both skilful artists, instructed him in



painting, and directed him to the contemplation of the works of Raphael. Thus he did with such success, that at the age of sixteen he produced some noble works both in fresco and oil. He then told his friends that he wished to visit Rome, they supplied him with money and with advice, and he set out for the Eternal City. There he made the antique statues his chief study, though he did not neglect to look at Raphael, and the wondrous works of Michael Angelo. His compositions attracted the notice of Pope Clement VII, who employed him largely, he was sensible of this kindness, and painted a Circumcision as a present to his Holiness, which artists contemplated with astonishment. The composition was not only of the highest kind, but the artist had admitted three different lights without disturbing the general harmony of the picture. "The light," says one of his biographers, "diffused on the principal figure was from the irradiation of the infant Jesus, the second was illuminated by a torch carried by one who attended the sacrifice, the others in the open air were enlightened by the early dawn, which showed a lovely landscape diversified with a number of cottages and villas."

It is related that when the soldiers of the constable Bourbon stormed and sacked Rome some of them burst in upon Parmegiano, who was too intent on his studies to regard passing events, his composure, together with the great beauty of his compositions, awed, it is said, the rude soldiers for a time, they looted and marvelled till one, less tasteful than his comrades, commenced plundering, and they all fell on and stripped the painter of his property.

"The prevailing character," says Lanzi, "in which this artist greatly shone, was grace of manner, a grace which won for him at Rome that most flattering of all eulogies, that the spirit of Raphael had passed into Parmigianino. Among his designs are to be seen repeated specimens of the same figure, drawn for the sake of reaching the highest degree of grace in the person, in the attitudes, and in the lightness of his drapery, in which he is admirable." His proportions have been censured as inclining to the lengthy and his colouring has been accused of being graceful rather than glowing. His celebrated Madonna is long in body and long in the fingers, and has been called the long necked Madonna, for the same reason as the Townleyan Venus is called the long sided Venus. The sentiment of his compositions prevails over all defects, and has raised the name of Parmegiano high among the children of genius. He died of a fever in 1540.

QUEEN ISABELLA SEIZED AT NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

OPIC, R A

THIS painter was chiefly remarkable for the force and truthfulness of his portraits, and though occasionally withdrawn from that monotonous but profitable walk of art, into the pursuit of the higher distinction of the historical style, yet it is evident that his mind was too little cultivated, and his taste too defective to enable him to shine in any class of subjects but those requiring the exhibition of rude power, rather than refined conception of form or expression. The subject before us is precisely of that class, and consequently he has succeeded in it. It represents a remarkable scene in our history, which is thus briefly described by Goldsmith —

“The Queen and Mortimer had for some time chosen the Castle of Nottingham for the place of their residence, it was strictly guarded, the gates locked every night, and the keys carried to the queen. It was therefore agreed between the king and some of his barons, who secretly entered into his design, to seize upon them in the fortress, and for that purpose Sir William Eland, the governor, was induced to admit them by a secret subterraneous passage, which had been formerly contrived for an outlet, but was now lidden with rubbish, and known only to one or two. It was by this, therefore, the noblemen in the king's interest entered the castle in the night, and Mortimer, without having it in his power to make any resistance, was seized in an apartment adjoining that of the queen's. It was in vain that she endeavoured to protect him, in vain she entreated them to spare ‘her gentle Mortimer,’ the barons, deaf to her entreaties, denied her that pity which he had so often refused to others.”

This remarkable incident has furnished the ground of a grand and striking composition. The hurry, tumult, and surprise of the moment are well expressed, the gloom of the vaulted apartment, suddenly illuminated by the glare of the torches of the captors, the iron clad figure of the baron, as with a stern smile he points to Mortimer in the hands of the soldiers, the agony of Isabella, at the sight, are all stamped with power and genius. The painter has seized the very character of the “she wolf of France,” as described by Gray,—the ambitious and merciless woman, now in the hands of her enemies, and anticipating with horror for her favourite the same fate she would have prepared for them.

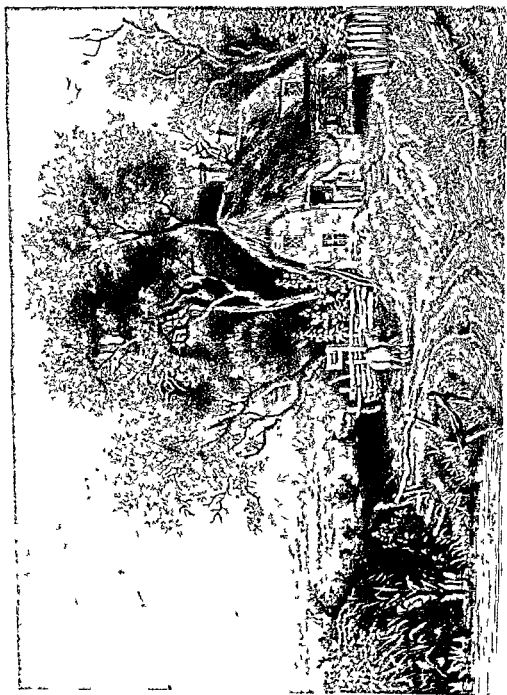
The management of the light and shade, and the composition of the accessories of flags, helmeted heads and spears, are both exceedingly able. It would have been well had all the historical works of Opie been equal to this

COUNTRY PUBLIC-HOUSE

P. NASMYTH

THERE are instances abroad, but not many in this country, of the inheritance of a family living in peculiar talents. Families here seem exhausted with producing one eminent person of their blood and name, we have no second Spensers, Shakespeares, or Miltons, neither have we a second Hogarth or a Reynolds. An eminent name becomes mute, and an undistinguished one comes forward and claims the applause of the world. In British art the most remarkable name is perhaps that of Nasmyth. The eldest of the family, Alexander, is well known as a very original and ingenious mechanist, his portraits are numerous, he has the merit of having painted the only true likeness of the illustrious Burns, and his landscapes are of great excellence. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Terry, all but rivals her father in case and truth, we have seen some of her river scenes as vivid and varied as nature. His youngest daughter, Ann, paints landscapes in a way worthy of her sister, she copies from the hill, the tree, and the stream, and handles all she touches with much sweetness. The pictures of his son, Patrick Millar Nasmyth, are known far and wide, the very fine natural scene which introduces this article will show that he was no common artist, and vindicate the little we have to say about his memory and his merits.

He was born at Edinburgh, 7th January, 1787, and named after Patrick Millar, of Dalwinston, who distinguished himself by applying steam to the purposes of navigation. He began to draw almost as soon as he could write, nor was he long in making use of colours, he may be said to have been born with the palette on his thumb. As Alexander held the chief place as a landscape painter in Edinburgh, he had many students, and Patrick, at a very tender age, took upon himself the task of instructor, and became useful among the pupils. He studied pictures, but he studied nature more, he loved to wander about the romantic hills and glens in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, studying the varied hues of the scene and the season. He was early familiar with the loveliness of spring, the bloom of summer, the beauty of autumn, and the majesty of winter. While he studied on the hills of Braid, on Salisbury Craigs, by Leith water, or in the glen of Roslin, he imagined he was preparing himself for imitating Wynants, Hobbema, and Ruysdael. But though he fondly believed that he was walking in the footsteps of these masters, it was fortunate for his fame that he created a style of his own from nature. In truth all his landscapes have an island impress upon them, his very atmosphere is British, as well as the verdure of the ground, and the foliage of the trees.



When Patrick Nasmyth was some three and twenty years old, he came to London, and exhibited in the British Institution a View of Loch Katerine, made memorable at that time by Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. His merits were acknowledged by many judges, but though his works were full of truth and harmony, the brilliant conceptions of other landscape painters more than satisfied the public taste. He exhibited the accurate beauties of nature almost in vain, and found sufficient cause to complain of want of patronage. Though chance sent now and then a generous or a discerning customer, he was often without a market for his productions, and as his prices were never high, he had to dash scenes hastily off and sell them for a trifle among the righteous dealers in the article, in order that he might live. He became a member of the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, and contributed many pictures, some of which were sold from the walls, but he was better known to painters than to the public, and it cannot, I fear, be affirmed that he ever earned an income worthy of his merits.

After he came to the south he sometimes wandered back to the north to refresh his sight, he said, with such nature as he had studied when a boy. The Ettrick Shepherd relates that one summer morning he accompanied Patrick and his father to the hills of Braid, where they looked upon the hay fields. "The scene," said the poet, "was quite delightful, what with the scent of the hay, the beauty of the weather, and the rural group of hay makers." Alexander Nasmyth, who was always on the look out for some striking scene of nature, called to his son, 'Come here, Patrick, and look at this!' did you ever see aught equal to it? Look at those happy hay makers in the foreground, that fine old ash tree and castle between us and the clear blue sky. I have hardly ever seen such a landscape, if you had not been stupid you would have noticed it before me.' 'I saw it well enough,' said Patrick, 'but I saw something else—look at that girl with the hay rake in her hand!' 'Aye, now, Patrick, that's some sense,' said Alexander, 'I excuse you for not looking at the scene I was sketching.' There were three men and a very handsome girl loading a cart with hay. We walked on and the hay cart overtook us, for Nasmyth would never cease either sketching, or stopping us to admire the scenery of nature. I remember too, that he made a remark, which I think neither he nor his most ingenuous son ever attended much to. 'It is amazing,' said he, 'how little makes a good picture, and frequently the less that is taken in the better.'" We are not sure of the accuracy of the Shepherd's surmise—certainly the landscapes of the Nasmyths are not crowded, they have the freedom of nature, and the truth of perspective, and we could point out some of their scenes where much liberty has been taken, unseemly parts improved, and all brought into science and harmony.

During this excursion with the poet, it has been said that Patrick Nasmyth, in a race with Alexander, the ventriloquist, fell and hurt his breast so badly that he never recovered, in short, his death has been ascribed to it. "I hope it is not so," says Hogg, "for though a perfect simpleton, he was a great man in his

art." We scarcely know what the poet means by simpleton, for Nasmyth was a clear-headed, shrewd, and clever man, nor are we sure that his death ensued from the fall which he describes. Men of genius, with all their sensibilities, are more alive to the "oppressor's wrong, and the proud man's contumely," than the dull and the obtuse: fame deferred—works of merit achieved in vain—a cold lodging, into which hope alone enters—a body not always well covered, and hunger not always appeased, unite in conveying the meritorious and the gifted to their graves, without the help of hard falls or fits of fever. Nasmyth died 17th August, 1831, and was buried in Lambeth churchyard. The inscription on his grave-stone relates the rest "*He was a native of Scotland, and his country was justly proud of his talents. As a delineator of landscape, the productions of his pencil, tasteful and vivid, reflect honour on that department of the British School. In his manners he was as modest and unassuming as in his profession he was skilful and eminent. This stone was erected by the resident Scotch artists in London—a humble but sincere tribute to his memory.*"

The picture which introduces this brief sketch, represents a public-house in Hampshire, where, under the sign of the Jolly Brown Bowl, the painter and his friends sometimes made merry. It was painted in 1825, and is justly esteemed as a fine specimen of Nasmyth's peculiar manner. The sunset is warm, the trees are in their beauty, and nature is soft and balmy. It is in the collection of John Slater, Esq.



STRIKING A BARGAIN.

DAVID TENIERS

Those who imagine that the merit of Teniers consists in faithful delineations from nature, do the great artist gross injustice. He extracts the poetry out of humble life, as the bee sucks honey from weeds and flowers, and may be called the Burns of domestic painting. All that he paints is from nature, but then it is nature seen with the eyes of genius through the medium of science—not nature beheld by ordinary eyes. In this the poet and painter bear a close resemblance. The bard, in his matchless lyrics, sketches a landscape in its spring or summer glory, and then lends to it life and soul by the presence of some rustic gentle one, who moistens her feet in the morning dew, and singing of love as she gathers flowers, brings to her cheek

“A crimson still dimer

The artist commences in the same manner. He sees three rustics chaffing about the price of a litter of pigs, he thinks there is matter in them for a picture, he begins his sketch, his own soul enters into the figures as they grow beneath his hand, he distributes the parts which he desires them to act in his humble drama, and concludes by producing something infinitely superior to the raw materials which supplied the hint. Ordinary eyes would see the poet's mistress, and the painter's group without perceiving the elements of song or of painting about them; nay, we may admit that to other eyes than those of the inspired, the former might seem much of a broomstick, and the latter gross heavy clods of the valley. Nature in this way presents the raw material to genius, and, save for the portrait painter, never produces a finished article which can be copied literally without modification. This is all we mean by saying that the delineations of the painter are not faithful transcripts from nature.

It is related of Teniers that he loved to frequent market places, where bargains were going on, and merry makings, where nature had fair play, and men did what was right in their own eyes. This was for the sake of observing character and making sketches of those odd yet picturesque postures, which men unconsciously take where there is no constraint, and hand and tongue have full license. The picture before us confirms the account of the biographer. It smacks of the market place, where sharp bargains are struck, and represents the farm yard of a hus

bandman—with open sheds and hacks for cattle and pens for holding swine. The proprietor, an old man, grey-headed, covetous but not clever, has been showing the tenants of his sty to a purchaser, young and shrewd, and is submitting rather than agreeing to a bargain which the other is concluding with him. A third acts as umpire, and looking in the young pig-dealer's face seems to say, "Don't take in a man who might be your grandfather." The pigs are latched up in the pen, and are probably lending a grunting accompaniment to the earnest clamour of tongues deciding upon their fate.

This picture has been pronounced by judges, a study from nature freely painted, with much force of character and effect, in the clear silvery manner of the artist. The young bargain-maker is supposed to be Teniers himself, for the resemblance is not little; the old husbandman was copied from his gardener, a personage found in other pictures of the artist; the third figure is believed to be another of his domestics, and is introduced as a witness of the compact, according to the usage of thrifty and suspicious Holland. The figures are of larger size than usual in the cabinet-pictures of Teniers, and from the free manner in which they are handled are believed to have been dashed off at one heat of the fancy. The picture is in the collection of John Slater, Esq

The works of Teniers are numerous in this country—and their worth has been fully felt. His vivid colouring, his lively and humorous presentations of character, his droll and sprightly delineations of scenes of humble life, unite in making him welcome to English taste, which has ever inclined more to the domestic than to the historical. In all collections which are considered complete, Teniers is to be found: he cannot be said to have many followers here; for though we incline much to merriment and joviality, we have also serious moods, and the painter who desires to hold the mirror up to Old England, must mix the serious with the comic, and the pathetic with the humorous—things sad with things ludicrous—as they are in Shakspeare and Burns—and in nature

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

TITIAN

WORKS of genius are liable to as many vicissitudes as empires, the historical marbles of Athens are in a British Museum, the brazen horses of Venice seem ever to have heard and obeyed the sound of the victor's trumpet, the Colossus of Rhodes, since borne away by the cruels of the Arabians, has been reproduced in many shapes, elegant, probably, or barbarous, the Apollo is now in the keeping of a Christian priest, who it is likely honours it as much as the heathen priests of old, and the Bacchus and Ariadne, one of the masterpieces of Titian, has undergone, in the brief space of three hundred years, a strange variety of fortune. It was painted about the year 1514 for Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, on the decline of his house it passed into the hands of the Pope, English taste and money united in bringing it from the Villa Aldobrandini into the collection of Lord Kinnaird, at whose sale, some two and twenty years ago, the hammer of Harry Phillips consigned it to Mr Hamlet, and now, at the cost we hear of four thousand pounds, it is become the property of Government, and is at present in the National Gallery. The moderate dimensions of six feet two inches long, by five feet eight inches high, render it portable and easy to be placed in a good light, while the wonderful splendour of the colouring, and the classic and well told story, make it a favourite with all visitors.

The Bacchus and Ariadne is one of the first pictures of true genius which we had the pleasure of seeing, it was then in the collection of Lord Kinnaird, and the almost miraculous beauty of its colouring acted upon us like a spell. But, though we felt ourselves in the presence of a work of art immeasurably superior to aught we had before seen, the bright and harmonious variety of its colours did not conceal from us that the figures were less accurate in their proportion, and less true in their drawing, than might have been looked for from the hands of so great a master. The Ariadne though inclining to the heavy in its form, is nevertheless a figure of great beauty and matchless ease. The composition is in conception nearly blameless. Bacchus during an excursion, for the double purpose it would appear of hunting and drinking, arrives at the wild sea shore, with woods at hand and temples in the distance, and with light enough from the stars and moon to observe, not only the loveliness of the scene, but also the beauty of Ariadne, who, on hearing the approach of "Bacchus and



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

' When Theseus on the naked shore
 Fair Ariadne left,
 Did you think she did her fate deplore,
 Or her far locks or bosom tore,
 Like one of loose beauty?
 Not she indeed—her fleeting love
 From mortal turned divine
 And love that was before a toy
 Became the source of mortal joy
 The urel in shook his dewy wings,
 And careless levelled clowns and kings,
 Such power has mighty wine,
 Such power has mighty wine.

Of the birth, studies, and history of Titian, little need be said, his paintings are known to the uttermost ends of the earth, and the story of his fame and fortunes has accompanied them. He was born at the Castle of Cadore, in Friuli, in 1480, his education is said to have been learned, and his masters in Latin and Greek have been named, but this imaginary scholarship is ill supported by the fact that he studied in the painting school of Bellini at Venice in his tenth year, and distinguished himself too early in life as an artist to have been "far seen in Greek." If he was taught by Bellini he was inspired by Giorgione, but inspired in a nobler way than his master, and he soon forsook all imitation and invented a style of his own, which in truth and force of colour has never yet been equalled. He lived to a great age, was a firm and a modest man and avoided the heart burnings and bickerings which have but too much distinguished artists at all periods. He was patronized by Charles the Fifth, by the Cardinal Farnese, and by the Pope. He was the friend of Michael Angelo, and was intimate with almost all the men of genius of his time.

RUBENS' CHATEAU.

RUBENS

"PETER PAUL RUBENS," says Fuseli, "was a meteor of art. Endowed with a full comprehension of his own character he wasted not a moment on the acquisition of excellence incompatible with its power, but flew to the centre of his ambition, Venice, and soon compounded from the splendour of Paolo Veronese and the glow of Tintoretto that florid system of mannered magnificence which is the element of his art, and the principle of his school. He first spread that ideal pallet which reduced to its standard the variety of nature, and once methodized, whilst his mind tuned the method, shortened or superseded individual imitation. We can see little of the true character of the works of Rubens in these fine sentences: let us turn our eyes from the hazy page of the Swiss professor, and look at the great Fleming by the milder, clearer light of Walpole. "His pictures were equally adapted to please the ignorant and the connoisseurs. Familiar subjects, familiar histories, treated with great lustre and fulness of colouring, a richness of nature and propriety of draperies recommend themselves at first sight to the eyes of the vulgar. The just boldness of his drawing, the wonderful chiaro scuro diffused throughout his pictures, and not loaded, like Rembrandt's, to force out one peculiar spot of light, the variety of his carnations, the fidelity to the manners and customs of the times he was representing, and attention to every part of his compositions, without enforcing trifles too much, or too much neglecting them, all this union of happy excellencies endear the works of Rubens to the best judges. He is perhaps the single artist who attracts the suffrages of every rank. One may justly call him the popular painter, he wanted that majesty and grace which confine the works of the greatest masters to the fewest admirers.' These are words as intelligible as the pictures of Rubens, and are more to our taste, as they are fitter for our purpose, than the mystical language of Fuseli.

On looking at the picture in the National Gallery which forms the subject of our present sketch, we feel sensible that it would require uncommon happiness of sentiment and felicity of words to give anything like a correct notion of such a splendid landscape. It seems part real and part imaginary, the painter seldom indulged in fancies strictly or exclusively poetical, the men and women of his pictures were copied from the breathing, substantial denizens of the world around him, and his scenes were chiefly found in his native country, for he could exalt



the meanest thing into magnificence, and raise the most ordinary subjects into historical dignity by the force of his drawing and the splendour of his colours. The present landscape has been assigned by good judges to Flanders. Those who hold this belief point to the rich pastoral district, extending, level and verdant, as far as the eye can reach, covered with flocks and herds, studded with farm houses and villages, and divided into irregular, though not picturesque enclosures by rows of those hapless trees called in England pollards: nor do they fail to observe the intersecting ditches and all the other symptoms of a productive soil, yielding milk and butter, honey and corn, sheep and poultry, and watched over by numerous hinds and maidens and old men conversant with both tillage and pasturage. "It is only," says Reynolds, "in large compositions that the powers of Rubens seem to have room to expand themselves." The fulness of his mind could not be restrained within small space, groups and incidents, and things picturesque, came crowding upon his fancy, demanding admission into his work, he was unable to get rid of them on easier terms, and so he set them down. Thus may be observed in the picture before us, there is as much introduced as would form several common landscapes, and yet it is likely that the painter could not insert the half that was present to his mind.

On the left, in the middle ground, stands a castellated mansion with towers and pinnacles, and bosomed deep in trees, through which the morning sun makes its way in scattered lines dropping here and there on the windows. Ladies are in the walks: one of them is seated with a child beside her, while the lord of the place is near, and seems to be enjoying the splendour of the brightening morn. A moat surrounds the chateau, a man is fishing, and a waggon drawn by a couple of horses is passing rapidly, as if the rustic driver felt afraid of giving offence to the lordly inhabitant by lingering nigh his gate. A handsome young woman in a scarlet jerkin and blue kirtle is seated in the waggon: near her is a fat calf tied by the legs, which with other produce of the land is on its way to market. A rivulet has overflowed the road, and the shod hoofs of the horses and the broad wheels of the waggon are plunging and splashing the water into the air: the level sun throws a few as it were accidental rays upon the road, and the dripping fillics and spokes and agitated water seem as real and vivid as nature. In the very centre of the foreground stands the trunk of an old fantastic tree rising but a few feet from the surface, but throwing out a profusion of drooping branches beneath which flowers are blooming, and birds sporting: towards the tree a fowler with his gun comes crouching, for he is not unaware that a covey of partridges are enjoying themselves in the sunshine under the shelter of a neighbouring bush: he restrains his impatient dog with one hand, and seems about to raise his piece with the other, for he has nearly reached the proper distance: the poor birds are however, a little scattered, and not likely all to become victims.

A rivulet, which is partly hidden by its banks and partly shown as it descends a declivity, after passing under a rustic bridge intersects the picture from right

to left, but the trees rising on its sides interrupt the monotony, and render the whole line beautiful. Beyond the rivulet farms and farm houses, and cattle and hedge rows abound. Every field has something peculiarly its own, and every row of trees has a distinguishing character, arising from their own quality, or from the nature of the soil in which they are growing. "Of the skill displayed by Rubens," says Ottley, "in the details of this extraordinary performance, especially those in the distance, it is perhaps not possible by words to convey any just idea. We cannot however omit to notice a passage near a triangular field, with cattle feeding, and a woman milking a cow on the right of the picture, where he has represented a long row of pollards in bold perspective shooting far into the flat landscape, and in one part traversing a piece of marshy ground with a truth of effect bordering on illusion."

The long continuous line where the landscape mingles in the distance with the sky, broken only by a solitary spire, has been regarded always as equally bold and beautiful, nor is the light the least wonderful part of the genius of the composition. Over this magnificent scene the artist has shed the first dewy outburst of the morning sun. The light comes streaming along in a horizontal gush, touching the shafts of the trees, the dewy backs of the cattle, the plumage of the birds, and the curls of the running streams. Nor is this all, the light of the sun is modified by the influence of the moving clouds above. One part of a field has a full, another a tempered lustre. The whole is painted with uncommon power of pencil and brilliancy of colouring, and united into one vast and varied landscape.

It is from the Balbi Palace of Genoa. It measures seven feet nine inches long, four feet six inches and a half high, and was part of the collection presented to the nation by the munificence of the late Sir George Beaumont.



CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.

RUBENS

THE "Chapeau de Paille," or as some say more accurately perhaps, Chapeau de Poil—the beaver hat—is the likeness of Mademoiselle Lundins, a young lady much admired by Rubens, and on whose beauty he employed all the mastery of his pencil. It was purchased privately of the Von Haveren family, who inherited it from the painter, and is now in the collection of Sir Robert Peel, Bart., where the genius of British art has found it some worthy companions. The Chapeau de Paille of Rubens, and the Lady Peel of Sir Thomas Lawrence are nigh each other, and no one can well avoid comparing their merits. The former is a wonderful piece of expression and colour, the peculiar head dress seems to have been chosen by the painter for the purpose of calling out all the witchery of his art, and to show how easily genius could triumph over obstacles, and turn them into beauties. In the latter there is a something diviner still—a more exquisite loveliness, a sweeter expression about the mouth, and such liquid lustre of eye as cannot well be rivalled in modern art. Rubens excels in vigour of colour and in greater audacity of handling, Lawrence in purity of hue and delicacy of sentiment—both have produced masterpieces.

Reynolds, in his Journey through Flanders and Holland, calls this "an admirable portrait by Rubens, known by the name of Chapeau de Paille, from her having on her head a hat and feather airily put on. It has a wonderful transparency of colour as if seen in the open air. It is upon the whole a very striking portrait, but her breasts are as ill drawn as they are finely coloured."

There is a singular freedom of hand and prodigality of genius in the compositions of Rubens, he unites the imagination and loftiness of the historical with the truth and reality of the domestic, and in doing so has obtained perhaps more extensive fame than any other painter. Fifty feet square of wall or two hundred yards of canvas, which would swallow up the united genius of half an academy, only stimulated the Fleming to greater exertion, and with such success did he conceive his design, and apply his colours, that it is allowed by all, his largest pictures are his best. "Rubens," says Sir Joshua, "appears to have had that confidence in himself which it is necessary for every artist to assume when he has finished his studies, and may venture in some measure to throw aside the fetters of authority, to consider the rules as subject to his control, and not himself

subject to the rules, to risk and to dare extraordinary attempts without a guide, abandoning himself to his own sensations and depending upon them. To this confidence must be imputed that originality of manner by which he may be truly said to have extended the limits of the art. After Rubens had made up his manner he never looked out of himself for assistance, there is consequently very little in his works that appears to be taken from other masters. If he has borrowed any thing he has had the address to change and adapt it so well to the rest of his work that the theft is not discoverable.

These sentiments are worthy of Reynolds, who perceived the wide reaching sympathy of Peter Paul to all things animate or inanimate that had any claim to the beautiful. Rubens felt the lofty and likewise the humble, the devout and the comic, the grandeur of human nature, the splendour of the blooming earth or of the smiling heavens. His women are often lovely, they are always natural and easy and full of health, his goddesses have less of the ethereal about them than what a flight from pole to pole, which some of them are taking, seems to require, but when it is his pleasure to gather them together on Olympus, the grass below and the clouds above seem kindling with the reflection of their beauty. Fuseli indeed has called his women "hillocks of rosy flesh," and treated the great painter himself with little ceremony. Nothing can be more unlike than the works of these eminent men, with the ladies of Rubens we can imagine ourselves wandering over well trimmed lawns, down shaded walks, upon marble pavements or perfumed carpets, with the ladies of Fuseli we can suppose no situation in which we could meet and exchange thoughts—they are in fact a sort of spectral progeny, such as haunt us in our dreams, with too little brightness about them for above, too little darkness about them for below, and with too little flesh and blood for creatures of this world, we know not well how to dispose of them or class them.

Rubens is the Walter Scott of art, his pictures have all the variety of character, glow of colour, and vivid power of delineation which distinguish the Waverley novels. The world is written strongly on them, nor is fancy ever absent when wanted. "He saw," says Sir Joshua, "the objects of nature with a painter's eye—he saw at once the predominant feature by which every object is known and distinguished, and, as soon as seen, it was executed with a facility that is astonishing. Rubens was perhaps the greatest master in the mechanical part of the art—the best workman with his tools that ever exercised a pencil."

FALSTAFF AND PRINCE HENRY AT GAD'S HILL

HENRY IV — PART I — ACT II SCENE II.

SMIRKE, R A

WE have before remarked that the works of Smirke are characterised by broad humour, as is finely shown in some in our collection. The scene at Gad's Hill was tempting to such a painter, and we have accordingly a rich laughter moving composition. In the first place, the landscape in which the incident takes place is very beautifully expressed—a scene of wild woodland, not such as is now to be met with at the veritable spot, where a snug inn records the memorable adventure, but a choice haunt for “Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon,” to say “Stand' to a traveller. The light of dawn breaking behind the boles of the trees, and the deep obscurity of the road are in excellent keeping. Nor is the figure of Falstaff less admirable, the expression of terror in his face and person, at the unexpected issue of the adventure, is irresistibly ludicrous. We seem to see him “larding the lean earth as he walks along,” in the extremity of his panic.

SCENE II — *The road by Gad's Hill*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, BARDOLPH and PETO at some distance

POINS.—Come, shelter, shelter, I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. HEN.—Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF

FAL.—Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. HEN.—Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep!

FAL.—Where's Poins, Hal?

P. HEN.—He is walked up the top of the hill, I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek POINS*]

FAL.—I am accursed to rob in that thief's company, the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else, I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto! I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony hearted villains know it well enough—a plague upon it, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues, give me my horse, and be Ianged.



PROSPERO AND CALIBAN.

TEMPEST —Act I SCENE II

FUSLI

If there be any of Shakspeare's characters which try the powers of the painter beyond others, in his endeavour to body them forth on canvas, they are certainly the wild creations of "the Tempest," for here, unless he be imbued with some measure of the same high quality which inspired the poet, he can but produce a grotesque and shapeless caricature of the *unearthly*, but not therefore necessarily *unnatural*, personages of his drama.

Undoubtedly the eccentric man of genius who has ventured on this difficult ground had no small measure of poetical feeling, especially for that class of inventions which suited best the character of his mind, and his somewhat exaggerated sense of the higher qualities of art, form, and expression. His works have always something to astonish, unfortunately but too often something to repel us. The composition before us well illustrates these peculiar characteristics. In the figure of Prospero there is a grand and commanding expression, the attitude and arrangement of drapery are both magnificent—but what a Miranda! In seeking to invest her person with an expression of disgust and disdain at Caliban, he has given her a masculine and mock heroic character, the very reverse of our conception of this love-hest of Shakspeare's female characters. Far different is his personation of Caliban. Here we have the wild, savage form, the mingled expression of fear, and hate, and revenge, without any exaggeration or anything verging on the ridiculous, both the expression and drawing are masterly, displaying Fuseli's great knowledge of the figure, and that power of anatomical display which he often carried to an extreme. Indeed this peculiarity somewhat mars the otherwise exquisite figure of Ariel, which is beautifully conceived and drawn. In short, with all the drawbacks of this composition, we cannot help regarding it as a work of no common genius in art, one which the mere common place painter could never reach, though he would undoubtedly avoid its errors.

CEPHALUS AND AURORA.

BY POUSSIN

WE have already endeavoured to describe

‘ What savage Rosa dashed,

we must now try to delineate what

‘ Learned Poussin drew

But the pen is an imperfect interpreter of the heavenly hues and divine forms of the painter, in truth, art is employed in accomplishing what words cannot perform. Poussin is a learned artist, his knowledge comes frequently to the aid of his designs, and he loves so much the gods and goddesses of Greece that he has been accused of oppressing his landscapes with mythology. Without denying that he is more learned sometimes than what seems necessary, we may, without fear of contradiction assert, that his genius triumphs over his knowledge, and that in all his best pictures nature is the ruling power. We remember his picture of Polyphemus piping on a mountain to his flocks, scattered along the acclivity, the blind giant is seated on the summit, the sound of his pipe seems to soothe him, his herds are not unconscious of the melody, and the whole scene is at once mournful and pleasant. Other men paint ogres, Poussin alone has painted a giant, there is no vulgar exaggeration all is elegant and beautiful. He was indeed a great master, his imagination equalled his other powers.

The *Cephalus and Aurora* is a good specimen of this accomplished artist. It is small in dimensions, and was bequeathed to the nation by Mr Cholmondelev. Other painters have delineated on ceilings Aurora carrying her lover through the air, Poussin desired to add sentiment, and pictured them on the ground awakened by the morning light. Reflection appears to have come to Cephalus with the dawn, thoughts of Procris rush upon his fancy. He turns from the goddess, who with arms around him, endeavours by gentle force, and probably pleasant words, to hinder his departure. He regards neither her looks, which diffuse gladness and light on all things else, nor the sly industry of an intriguing Cupid, who is spreading the couch for Aurora, but fixes his eyes mefefully on the portrait of his wife, held up to him by an urchin god, who may be supposed to represent domestic love. The winged steed of the morning is at hand, a fountain deity



slumbers over his urn, unconscious of what is doing beside him, and a nymph starts from her couch, and gazes dazzled on the brightening sky. The atmosphere is glistening and dewy, and the sides of the figures and trees which stand towards the east are touched with the hues of day.

"The colouring of this picture," Otley says, "is feeble, nor is it in other respects in the artist's best manner. Still there are parts of it of considerable merit, especially the head of Aurora, which is very beautiful. We wish the old freezing river god had been placed further from the principal group, or entirely omitted." The river god we think aids the imagination, and carries the mind back to the days of the legend, we are not at all disposed to dispute the taste of Aurora in spreading her couch by the side of a romantic stream. The chief blemish in the composition is the conceit of the Cupid showing Cephalus the portrait of his wife in order to recall him to his allegiance. The contrivance is an awkward one, and can only be justified on the principle that the painter intended the image of Procris to be presented to the mind rather than the eye. He is however looking steadfastly upon it, and more than seems disposed to go. Hazlitt perceived "life of mind and great dexterity of invention in all the works of Poussin."

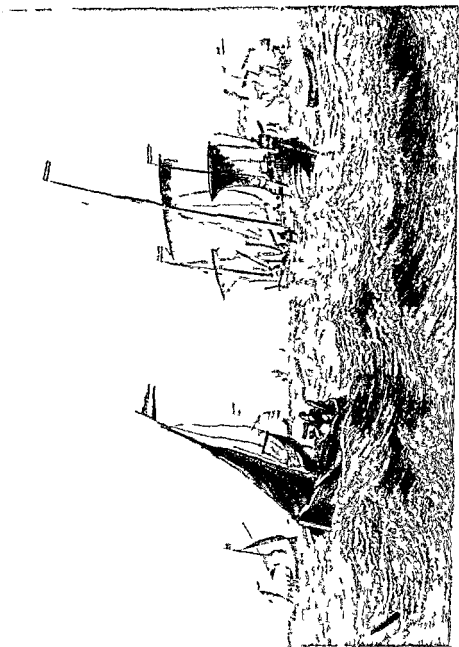
It was the practice of painters, English as well as Italian, to indulge in mythology, and the walls and ceilings of our principal mansions and palaces still glow with the acts and deeds of the old dwellers on Olympus. The fine genius and equally fine colours of Titian were employed in recording the amours of the gods, some of the best of these compositions may be seen at Blenheim, taste is now alike pleased and offended in contemplating them, but the taste of his times was tolerant, the Italian patrons of the muse of art desired to see flesh and blood in preference to satin and velvet. It is one of the charges which foreign nations bring against us, that we have no conception what the austere majesty of naked beauty is and are weak enough to fear for virtue if our statues are undressed, and the figures in our historic pictures without cloak or mantle. We are perhaps a little too rigid in this matter, but we cannot help feeling that our countrymen are right to a certain extent. The Apollo is naked yet few are ashamed to look on that most god-like of all statues, the feeling would be different, we believe, were the naked statue of any of our heroes of the last Gazette to be set up in a public place, the divinity of the first raises it out of the low region of qualms and scruples—looking on him we think of heaven, looking on the statue of a mere man, we think of earth, and become fastidious, as if we dreaded to be seen in fallible company. The decorum of dress is generally well maintained by Poussin, he takes the medium course, and pleases many and offends few.

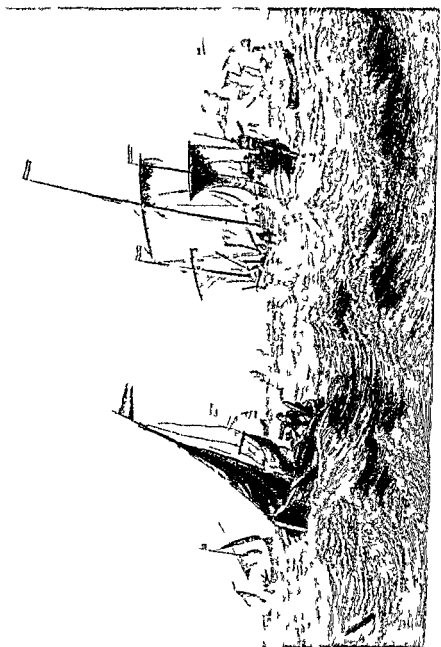
A BRISK GALE.

WILLIAM VANDERVELDE

Four painters of the name of Vandervelde rose to distinction among the artists of Holland. Adrian painted landscape, animals, and history, Esaias, battle pieces and landscape, William, the elder, sea scenes, and sea fights, and his son, William, the younger, storms, calms, and battles. To the latter we owe, among many noble pieces, the "Brisk Gale," of which we give a very clever engraving. William, the younger, was born at Amsterdam in the year 1633, and as his father was patronized in England by the two last of the Stuarts, he came over to try his fortune as a marine painter among the best maritime warriors, and the worst maritime artists in the world. Nature had united with study to ensure his success in this line, he had a fine eye for the picturesque, a ready power of combination, and a taste which was inherited rather than acquired. His instruction too in his art had commenced early, his father directed for a time his eye and his hand, and Simon de Vleiger, a painter skilful in the representation of shipping and shores, impressed upon him the beauty, as well as necessity, of accuracy and neatness. Besides all this, he studied a little in a school of his own. It was his practice, we are informed, to roam about the shores of Holland, watching the going or returning sails of vessels of war or merchandize navy, he oftentimes made excursions in sloops or in boats, sketching all the while the changing aspect of the sea under the influence of the sun or the wind. This mode of study enabled him to communicate that natural hue and look of reality to his works, which all works must have that are intended for hereafter.

This last of the Vanderveldes had risen to eminence as an artist in his native country before he removed to England, here his genius was not only admired, but richly rewarded. The beauty and truth, and harmonious unity of his maritime pictures were felt at once. So naturally did he agitate the water, and so gracefully did he construct and move his ships, that he obtained the immediate patronage of King Charles the Duke of York, and the chief nobility. It must, however, be remembered, that Charles was a naval architect of great talent, that James was one of our ablest admirals, and that our nobility at that period had a love for maritime adventures which has subsided in their descendants. Though all this was in favour of marine painting, it was also in favour of the truth and beauty of the delineations, for none but a skilful and accomplished artist might





hope for success in the sight of men who were judges of naval architecture, and acquainted with the looks of the sea, and of ships under sail. To such eminence did Vandervelde rise in England, that his pictures painted before he left Holland were eagerly sought after by Englishmen, and purchased at large prices, thus accounts for the rarity of his compositions in his native land, and their abundance here. One of his pictures representing a calm, and another a ship of war encountered by a fire ship, are accounted masterpieces. He was skilful in all maritime matters, his ships are looked upon as models of beauty, and the ease with which they glide through the water has been remarked by mariners. It seems alike to him to delineate the sea in a sort of slumbering tranquillity, or when

“ The waves roll multitudinous, and the foam
Uplashed by angry gusts fills all the air ”

In depicting the fleets of rival nations contending for naval empire on the sea, he was still at his ease and ever natural, animated, and elegant. “ The paintings of this master,” says Pilkington, “ have in every respect such a degree of perfection as is not to be discovered in the productions of any other artist. And whether we consider the beauty of his design, the correctness of his drawing, the graceful figures and positions of his vessels, the elegance of his disposition, the lightness of his clouds, the clearness and variety of his serene skies, as well as the gloomy horror of those that are stormy, the liveliness and transparency of his colouring, the look of genuine nature that appears in his agitated or still waters, and the lovely gradation of his distances, as well as their perspective truth, we know not what principally to admire, they are all executed with equal nature, judgment, and genius—they all are worthy of our highest commendation—they are truly inimitable.” He died in 1707, in the seventy fourth year of his age. The picture from which our engraving is copied, under the care of Mr. Holland, is the property of N. W. Ridley Colborne, Esq., and is valued by the skilful in such compositions at five hundred guineas.

Since the days of the younger Vandervelde our island school has produced many noble maritime paintings by artists dead and living, but though we have pictures uniting sea and land of surpassing beauty, we have few or none which show the evolutions of ships of war, or the agitation or vicissitudes of battle in a way much to our liking. Few or none of our painters are well acquainted with maritime affairs, or at least they have not gone down to the sea when the contest was fierce and bloody, as the elder Vandervelde did, when he made his sketches of the memorable fight of three days duration, between Monk and de Ruyter. The naval battles which we fight on canvas are generally failures, a cloud of rolling smoke, with a few sharp sticks rising through it, a tattered flag hanging overboard, and a seaman or two drowning, are the usual materials of such compositions. The real battle forms a sterner and nobler picture. Though some of the most heroic and daring actions in the history of the world have been per-

formed by Blake, Monk, Nelson, and other of our mariners, and though painters, with and without name, have laboured to communicate to canvas a lively image of their deeds, we have obtained nothing worthy of our fame as a nation. Poets have sung and chroniclers have told of our actions at sea in inspired and picturesque language, Campbell in verse, and Southey in prose, have commemorated, in words not likely to be forgotten, the fortunes of Nelson and his comrades, but in painting, though nobles have desired, and kings commanded, we are still sadly deficient. There is probably something in the monotony of groves of masts, volcanoes of smoke, tiers of volleying guns, and far extended expanses of water, which alarms or deadens the fancy of artists, and interposes between them and that freedom of distribution and handling allowed in works of genius. We know not how this may be, but we know that no one has delineated any of our late maritime victories in a way either natural or poetic. The "untillable and barren deep" has itself been painted, and that with fine effect, but no one has shown in truth and in beauty Britannia in all her glory,—when

' Her march o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep

Our naval pictures seem more the offspring of other pictures than of original remark and conception: as there are artists who sit in London and delineate mountains, and towers, and streams in Circassia and Cælo Syria, so there are others who behold only in fancy "the wonders of the Lord on the deep," or are content to see through the eyes of their elder brethren of art, and hence all this coldness and tameness in our national pictures of battles fought for the dominion of the sea.



DUTCH VILLAGE.

JACOB RUYSDAAL.

Two of the name of Ruysdaal hold places in the history of art, they were Dutchmen and brothers, and painters of landscape. The compositions of Solomon, the elder brother, are cold and dry, his hills and dikes want the graceful undulation—his rivers the serpent like motion, and his atmospheres the mingled airiness and sunshine common to the landscapes of the best masters. The pictures of Jacob Ruysdaal are free from these faults—his scenes are all life and nature, he has sometimes no little grandeur in his delineations, and he is never without a singular transparency of colour.

He was born at Haarlem in the year 1636, his instructor in art is not named, yet it is affirmed by his biographers that before he was twelve years old his productions surprised, by their force and truth, the ablest painters of his native land. He became in his youth intimate with Berchem, and it has been alleged that he caught not a little of his friend's spirit by contemplating his compositions. There is no doubt that the works of the one distinguished painter had an influence on those of the other, good judges have traced a resemblance not only in their styles, but in their mode of drawing and colouring, at the same time they claim for Ruysdaal a truth and a vigour all his own, and also a certain grandeur which he inherited from nature—a quality far from common in what is called the Dutch school.

Writers are not wanting who account for the varied beauty of Ruysdaal's landscapes—they send him to complete his studies in Italy, in his solemn woods and groves, his romantic hills, foaming cascades and winding and wooded river banks, they imagine they perceive the presence of Italian scenery. Others give him nature alone for his guide and instructress, and refuse to share the merits of his compositions with any other country than his own. His scenes—the trees, skies, and rivers, of which they are composed seem all taken from nature, and are said to have been sketched on the spot. The painter loved to wander by the wild wood and the foaming river, and note down the varied aspects of the landscape. Laying the foundation of his compositions in the nature around him, he had only to make use of his taste, poetic feeling, and fancy, in giving harmony and elevation to his materials, and this is probably what his biographers have mistaken for

Italian study It was not necessary to travel to Rome to do all this, in truth, his pilgrimage to the Eternal City has no better support than the suspicion that his ideas of grand and elegant nature could have been found nowhere else, and least of all about Haerlem

If we look to the picture before us for some of the leading excellencies of Ruysdaal, we shall not be disappointed, truth is the groundwork of all his compositions His country, after a war in which she triumphed over the most warlike nation in Europe, established her independence, and the States of Holland, from a battle field covered with unburned bones, were become a garden, their ports were filled with ships of war or merchandize, their cities, to use the words of their native writers, were paved with silver, and their walls hung with velvet and cloth of gold, and their husbandmen were happy, industrious, and wealthy The domestic comfort and fire side happiness of the people are the chief themes on which the masters of the Dutch school lay out their colours, weddings, fairs, merry makings, and feasts in public and private abound, all this is nothing more than a sort of silent rejoicing and dumb thankfulness for their condition among nations

The "Dutch Village," as exhibited by the painter, is a perfect image of repose, the rising sun is calling the humble inmates from their beds, smoke is already rising into the air from the chimneys, doors are opened and opening, and a villager is on his way with his faithful dog to some distant field, where he has a flock to watch, or a plough to hold The houses are scattered about at random—dropt in nature's careless haste, like the poet's knolls, and though all is rustic and lowly, there is nothing squalid or mean, it is just such a place as one would desire to halt at for a week during a journey, to get acquainted with the wise old men of the land, and see how much worth and virtue can be concealed in such rude abodes

To the faithfulness of his delineations, and the cheering as well as elevating pictures which he gave of his own country, must be imputed the public esteem and admiration bestowed during his lifetime on Ruysdaal The blameless life too which the painter led had some share in this, for Holland in those days was of strict morals, and looked for purity and devotion in all her children In England he is admired for the diversified grounds of his landscapes, the clearness of his skies, and the delicate handling of his trees, every leaf has a distinct touch, and what is equally necessary, the shape and hue of the particular species have not been unattended to "He shows," says Pilkington, "that he perfectly understood the principles of the *chiaro scuro*, and also of perspective, for his distances have always a fine effect, and his masses of light and shadow are distributed with such judgment, and contrasted with such harmony, that the eye and imagination are equally delighted His works are distinguished by a natural and pleasing tone of colour, by a free, light, firm, and spirited pencil, and also by a very agreeable choice of situations His general subjects were views of the banks of

rivers, hilly ground, with natural cascades, a country interspersed with cottages and huts, solemn scenes of woods and groves, with roads through them, and water mills, but he rarely painted any subject without a river, brook, or pool of water, which he expressed with all possible truth and transparency. He likewise particularly excelled in representing torrents and impetuous falls of water, in which subjects the form in one part, and the splendid appearance of the water in another, were described with force and grandeur, and afforded a true image of beautiful nature. All foreign writers who have seen the chief works of the painter speak in similar terms of his compositions.

Something of the same defect which we observe in our own Wilson and Turner, may be perceived in the compositions of Ruysdaal, he could lay down the mammated landscape with all its hills, and trees, and streams, but he was unequalled to the task of peopling it when flesh and blood were required. Wilson, originally a portrait painter, had acquired little mastery over human character, and though Turner often gives us groups and single figures, the poetic beauty of his landscapes proves too strong for the common forms and features which he bestows on men and women. The grandeur of his conceptions in still nature is not supported by his delineations of living nature. Ruysdaal was aware of his own deficiency, and often called in the aid of Ostade, Adrian Vandervelde, and Wouvermans. The contributions of these distinguished painters have added much to the charm which has not yet departed from his works—indeed, his pictures are in most of the British collections, and much esteemed, they are likewise to be found in Italy, the cabinet of the Grand Duke at Florence contains some of his best landscapes.

The picture which has called forth this brief and imperfect account of the painter and his labours, is in the fine collection of Sir Abraham Hume. The engraver has striven to communicate to his work the peculiar tone and character of the original, the aim of the proprietor of the Cabinet Gallery is to give a facsimile of the manner as well as the matter of each painting, and this is the secret of some of the faults which have been found with the prints. Engraving a picture is like translating a poem, the style and peculiarities of the poet must be preserved, and so should those of the painter.

THE SUTLING BOOTH.

PHILIP WOUVERMANS

"THE pictures of Wouvermans," says Reynolds, "are well worthy the attention and close examination of a painter. One of the most remarkable of them is known by the name of the Hay Cart, another, in which there is a coach and horses, is equally excellent. There are three pictures in the Orange Gallery, hanging close together, in his three different manners. his middle manner is by much his best, the first and last have not that liquid softness which characterizes his best works. Besides his great skill in colouring, his horses are correctly drawn, very spirited, of a beautiful form, and always in unison with their ground. Upon the whole he is one of the few painters whose excellency in his way is such as leaves nothing to be wished for." This is high and merited praise. the works of Wouvermans in this country support the opinion of the president.

The scene before us is one of a class in which the painter delighted, he seems to have cared little for inanimate landscape, the subjects on which he exercised his pencil were chiefly huntings and hawkings, regiments on the march, or armies enjoying the agreeable leisure of encampment, farmers' shops, or the labours of the husbandman. This enabled him to introduce horses, in the delineation of which he excelled. Yet, beautiful as his horses are, they are ever subordinate to the sentiment of the scene, they are only auxiliaries. In the work before us Wouvermans seems to have given his pencil considerable licence. all around are indications of a martial encampment, tents with displayed banners and armed men moving about, the sutler, sensible that he is a necessary evil, has raised his booth not wholly in sight, nor yet fairly out of view of the army, and displaying an empty flagon for a sign, proceeds to entertain such guests as his viands, and more particularly his liquors, allure. He has already obtained sundry jolly customers, among whom the good drink is doing its duty. One cavalier has his foot in the stirrup, probably to try how he can balance himself, another, seated quietly in his saddle, has emptied the flagon, and holds it out to be replenished, while a third, fixed on the top of an empty barrel, detained by gentle force the landlady, who seems alike willing to solace her guests with her society or her drink. Other mounted cavaliers are on the spur towards the Sutling Booth, and the spectator is left to decide whether the new comers are stung with thirst, or moved with anger at this laxity of discipline in their comrades. The picture is the property of James Platt, Esq.



Of the life of the distinguished painter we shall render some account. Paul Wouvermans, an indifferent artist, who lived at Haerlem, had three sons, who all followed his own profession. Of these, Peter painted figures on horseback, and had some taste in representations of female beauty; John executed landscapes in a pleasing style and rich tone of colour; but the most eminent was Philip, through whose works the name of Wouvermans takes a place in the ranks of original genius. He was born at Haerlem, in the year 1620; studied under his father, who could teach him little save the rudiments of his art, and completed his education in the studio of John Wynants, who declared that his pupil, in fine pencilling and true colouring, surpassed all living painters. Nor was this praise more than he merited; to others, as well as to his gracious master, he appeared a prodigy, and there were not wanting judges who asserted that his pictures exhibited a happy selection of scene and a truth of representation all but magical.

When Reynolds visited the collections of Flanders and Holland, he was struck, as we have stated, with the skill of Wouvermans, and scarcely allowed one of his pictures to pass without a mark of approbation. He, in particular, noticed a gentleman and lady on horseback, conversing with a horseman whose hat was off; a man before them was playing on a bagpipe, accompanied by a man and woman dancing, while behind, and at a distance, other figures were dancing to another musician, who stood up against a tree. This, he said, was the best Wouvermans he ever saw. Hazlitt, who felt beauties of every kind with a keen relish, says, in his notes on the Dulwich Gallery, "There are several capital pictures of horses, &c., by Wouvermans in the same room, particularly the one with a hay-cart loading, on the top of a rising ground. The composition is as striking and pleasing as the execution is delicate. There is immense knowledge and character in Wouvermans' horses—an ear, an eye turned round, a cropped tail, give you their history and their thoughts, but from want of a little arrangement, his figures look too often like spots on a dark ground. When they are properly relieved and disentangled from the rest of the composition, there is an appearance of great life and bustle in his pictures. His horses, however, have too much of the *manège* in them—he seldom gets beyond the camp or the riding-school."

The sense of his merits, so well expressed by his English admirers, seems not to have been entertained by the wealthy and the influential in his native Holland. He excelled not in the art of making himself agreeable to those who made the patronage of painters the chief business of their lives, and, like our own Turner, was unphable and proud. "He had not the good fortune," says Pilkington, "during his life to meet with encouragement equal to his desert; for with all his assiduity and extreme industry, he found it difficult to maintain himself and his family. He seemed to be a stranger to the artifices of the merchants, who therefore imposed on him, under the disguise of zeal for his interests, and while they artfully enriched themselves by his works, continued to keep him depressed and



Rembrandt, this is less seen in engraving—which obscures defects of that nature, while it preserves sentiment and expression.

In Bol's historic compositions, the defects of his school are sufficiently visible: he had truth, nature, and expression for the humbler incidents of life, but he was deficient in grandeur of style and accuracy of outline. In the Council Chamber of Dort there is a large picture by him, of which the subject is the Appointment of the Seventy Elders in the Camp of the Israelites, also one of Moses breaking the Tables of Stone; both well designed and well executed; likewise in the Chamber of the Burgomasters there is a picture of his representing Fabricius in the presence of Pyrrhus, which is much admired. "In some of his designs," says Pillington, "we see a great deal of correctness, with easy and natural attitudes; but in others—perhaps from negligence—the outline of his figures is defective, and the air is not delicate." In truth he had little academic elegance or feeling for the heroic order of beauty about him; his eye never passed the limits of Holland; he took nature as he found her, and loved her in spite of her Dutch dress and provincial manners; nor did he seem to desire greater fame than the successful delineation of her charms brought him. Nature exalted by poetry and refined by science he did not appear to know or to care about. He lived in his native land to the age of seventy years, and died respected for his talents and probity.

This fine domestic picture is in the keeping of Rober Ludgate, Esq., from whose collection we have selected other rare works of equal or superior beauty. It is our wish to show what varied treasures of art our country possesses; we therefore give engravings of a large size and of a quality which the age demands, and all from the best works of the best masters.

see the peculiar character and manners of the people stamped on every picture. Their portraits are not merely well dressed images of the listless and the idle, nor their household groups bevy of men and women sitting in attitude, all looking carefully towards the point of light, like people anxious about their portraits — they are always employed, every one is doing something that requires to be done, and doing it neatly and gracefully. A Dutch painter would feel as much ashamed to represent the ladies of the land idle, as they would to be caught slumbering over their knitting or their embroidery. Hence in all the pictures of the States there is no idleness, the women are busied generally in some becoming office, and the men are either at work or the wine cup, they keep moving. They have no men sitting and neither working nor thinking, like some of our island portraits, nor have they such a thing as a pattern lady — on whose fine shape dress makers display their costliest silks and rarest fashions.

The picture of the Dutch Lady with fruit, which has led into this way of thinking, forms no exception to our remarks. The whole has the image of honest and thrifty Holland upon it. She is fair and comely, her dress is neat, with some small leaning towards display, she moves with ease, like one at her own threshold, and bears a rich basket full of ripe fruit, which she probably intends to place before her husband and some honoured guests. At all events the lady is well to do in the world, nor unconscious that neatness and elegance are acceptable things even to a husband. Her rich head gear and party coloured gown, fastened with embroidered bands, speak of arcosies, and her looks full of good nature and affection are assurances of domestic love and fire side happiness. This we think a very good way of painting portraits, and we ought to thank Holland for the example. The likenesses of many of our ladies in the exhibitions seem, like the dame in Hogarth, as much inclined to sport with the marriage ring as to busy themselves with thrift and economy.

Of Ferdinand Bol, who painted this young Dutch matron, not much is known in this country. "He was born," says Pilkington, "at Dort, in 1611 educated at Amsterdam, and placed as a disciple in the school of Rembrandt. There he soon distinguished himself in history and portrait, and more particularly for works which, like the one before us, embodied something of domestic character. He studied Rembrandt's style, and imitated it with success, but his genius was of a milder mood than that of his great master, and his affections dwelt much with the sweet and the graceful. "He painted his portraits," continues the same authority, "in a free, bold manner, but not with that clearness of flesh and remarkable relief by which his master was rendered deservedly famous. His colouring had frequently too great a tinge of brown in the carnations, though notwithstanding that particularity, his portraits had a great look of life and nature." The way he employed his characters gave much of the look of life and nature, which his biographer perceived. Though his colouring was nothing like so vivid as that of

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DOMESTIC BIRDS.

MELCHIOR HONDEKOETER

THE landscape of this picture is a fine one, but the beauties of hill and stream and tree are lost in the mortal and moral strife so admirably represented on the foreground. The painter has treated a difficult subject with much skill and delicacy, ordinary cock fighting he felt was unacceptable to the world, he has, therefore, made the quarrel between the two lords of the farm yard one of nature's own. A cock of an unchivalrous breed has attacked a brood hen with her birds, poor "chuckie," who expected no such outrage, defends her little family, and the crumbs which had been thrown to them, with much courage, but with the loss of some feathers, and what is worse, one of her own "wee birdie cocks," in a mother's quarrel bold, lies in the death flutter, but with his face to the enemy. The triumph of the aggressor is short, a cock of true game, and without a cross of the dunghill in him, summoned by the clamour of the combat comes to the rescue, and in a few decisive rounds amply avenges the injuries of Partlet and her progeny. The startled and scattered brood, the raised and angry wings of the victorious cock, the contracting toes and humbled strength of the vanquished, the hen clacking her progeny back to the shelter of her wings, are all true to nature, and executed with uncommon spirit. The picture is the property of the Rev. T. W. Salmon, of Suffolk.

Hondekoeter is famed all over the continent for what dealers in the article call his 'Poultry Landscapes.' He is indeed unvalued in the representation of the feathered tribes, particularly those of the domestic kind, and which are common to the pond and the farm yard. "His pencil," says Pilkington, "was neat and delicate, his touch light, his colouring transparent, and the feathers of his fowls were expressed with a swelling softness that agreeably deceived the eye of the spectator. He is said to have trained up a cock to stand in any attitude he wanted and it was his custom to place this bird near his easel, so that at the motion of his hand the creature would fix itself in the proper posture, and continue in it without alteration for several hours."

Had he lived in England a hundred years ago, or even within living men's memories the painter might have made a splendid fortune, for cock fighting was in those days a sort of national mania. The true breed of the game-cock was as anxiously looked to as that of hunting hawks or race horses: the nobles of the



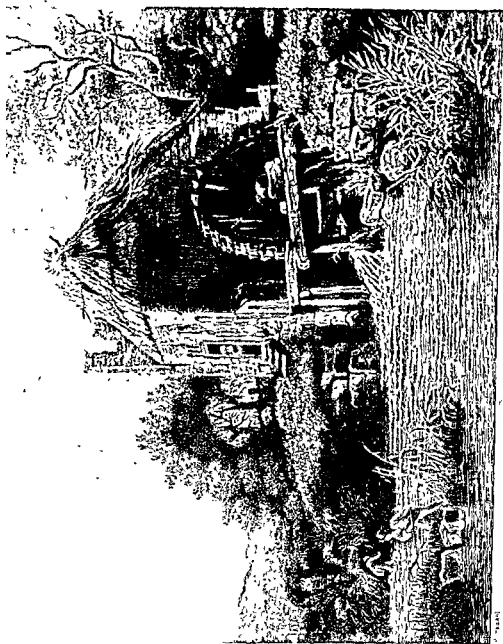
land subscribed for a "main," as they do now for a horse-race; fortune rose and fell as the grey cock or the iron-brown triumphed, and he who owned a conquering bird rose in his own estimation and in the regard of the country. Even among the peasantry the attachment to this barbarous pastime was very strong, they had their favourite breeds, and fought their mains, and lost or pocketed money in imitation of their betters. They had also their maxims for maintaining true game in its purity, and some went even so far as to improve on nature. It was at least a favourite theory among the humbler cock-fanciers, that the eggs of the true game-hen when hatched in the nest of the blood-crow, produced birds which united the courage of the one to the dogged endurance of the other. All crosses of the dunghill kind were to be avoided, though on one or two occasions the base blood triumphed over the pure, to the great scandal of high descent. At a main fought in the north, a cock of the half-blood breed, after an encounter or two, ran partly round the "pit," turned suddenly, like a wily warrior of old, and struck both his steel spurs through the neck of his pursuer, and won a hundred pounds. He did the same on another occasion, but such feats are not to be depended on, he ran at last, in his ignorance of etiquette, out of the ring, and had his head wrung off by his indignant owner. It seems quite natural for cocks whether game or not to fight, but then their encounters rarely ended in death, till man kindly stepped to their aid, pruned their combs, trimmed off their superfluous feathers, and arming them with steel heels enabled them to kill each other to his own special amusement and profit. Cock-fighting is now seldom heard of, it has declined through the increase of knowledge and the diffusion of taste for what is graceful and elegant.

Hondekoeter was born at Utrecht in 1636, and died in 1695; his works are in great estimation, and seldom fail to bring high prices.

THE WATER MILL

FUTSDAAL.

WATER MILLS are favourite subjects with painters and poets. There is something attractive and picturesque in a mill in motion. The water descending upon the outer wheel, the machinery revolving, the white, round grain running in above, and coming out in meal below, the dusty miller watching his wheels moving, and his maidens sifting the seeds or chaff from the flour, together with the pleasing din and agreeable sight of running water, the dust issuing in gusts from crevice and wicket, and the sudden cessation of sounds, melodious or otherwise, when the task is performed, all unite in forming a picture addressed both to mind and eye. Nor is the scene around the mill of inferior interest, the shelling hill is at hand, whitened over with husks, broken mill stones lie about, one forms a rude bridge over the race or trough that conducts the water to the outer wheel, others are sunk nigh the door as pavement, while perhaps the last pair which filled their



infinitely better adapted to the picturesque purposes of art: a ragged house in which no one would dare to live, and from whose belling walls the rats have instinctively run away, becomes more the canvas of the artist than a trim and perpendicular dwelling, free from symptoms of decay.

We have some suspicion that the painter admits the water to the wheel at an elevation much too low for the purpose of fully commanding the machinery. It must, however, be borne in mind that the land where the scene is laid is level and inclining to be marshy the descent therefore of the mill-stream could not be great, and so for want of what is called "fall" he has made compensation in quantity of water. The artist, with a true sense of the value of such things, has constructed his mill against the ruined and grass-crowned wall of some castle or fortalice, which lures the mind of the spectator back to earlier and perhaps sterner days. The mill is in motion, two hands are busied among the rushes which fringe the little lake into which the water runs when it is thrown from the wheel, and a comely housewife stands at the door, seemingly as happy as the northern dame, when she sang,

"Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour,
And dusty was the kiss
I got frae the miller."

Of the life of Ruysdaal we have already spoken, and though we have more to say on that subject we prefer at present saying something about his works. One prominent feature is the perfect truth and nature of all his delineations; his Italian studies did not deliver him over entirely to fancy; he had a poetic attachment, that was all, to picturesque things, he in no instance wished to please men with the hope that he was doing something better. His dreams were of this earth, he painted no landscapes with the belief that some more heavenly world would be discovered to suit them. It is this which makes us frequently think of Ruysdaal as we wander through forest glades, along lonely shores, and by the banks of romantic streams; we see him everywhere in nature, but we seldom see Claude or any of those artists who have painted scenes of pure imagination. The fine picture which has called forth these hasty remarks is in the collection of Colonel Hugh Bailie.

THE FARM-YARD.

TENIERS.

The Farm-Yard of Teniers is one of those pictures which never fail to recall images of rustic industry and rural comfort to the most careless observer. The economy of the stack-yard, the management of the barn, the care which cows require, and the stable demands; together with the management of sheep, pigs, and poultry, and various other matters on which the heads and hands of an opulent farmer's establishment employ themselves from light to dark, are all of that kind on which fashion has little influence, for they are of nature, and cannot be changed. It is that which makes most of the pictures of this eminent artist look like creations of yesterday. The work of a farmer goes hand in hand with nature; changing but with the change of seasons, it is therefore ever the same, or seemingly so: in truth, the scene before us, though painted two hundred years ago, looks as English or as Scotch as a painting can look; and were it not for some slight nationality in the costume of the cowherd and the sheepboy, it might pass with the multitude for an image all our own. The whole is in perfect keeping—all is farm-like. Here are houses for the accommodation of the farmer and the protection of his cattle: a maiden has filled her pitcher, and is looking round to a boy—her master's son, perhaps—who, weary and thirsty with bringing his little flock of sheep from their distant pasture, desires to taste the water, which, as the length of the line in her hand indicates, has been drawn out of a deep well. She is looking complacently on the boy, and it is plain she will indulge him, though pots and porringers are there requiring her purifying hand. The cows—three very fine ones—have just been brought home by a careful herdsman: beside one of them a milkmaid has taken her seat, and whilst baring her hands for their task, the cowherd leans over his staff beside her, and seems to be telling her on what fine grassy banks his herd have fed, and how pleased they must be to yield their milk to the agreeable pressure of her long white fingers. His dog looks the same way with its master, as all trained dogs do: a hind makes his appearance with a wicker hamper, containing perhaps the evening meal of the cows, and the whole establishment seems in the full enjoyment of the hour of sunset, when the latest note of the bird is in the air, and the dews begin to fall.

A little cottage with its quota of peasants at the door stands on the other side of a quiet stream. the spire of the parish church rises among the distant trees,



while the lofty gable of a peel or fortalice close to the farmer's hall, speaks of protection afforded, not lately, but of old, at least so we interpret the absence of smoke from the chimney head, and the bare and snaggy top of a dead tree, showing like the horns of a deer, between the houses of the husbandman and warrior. The quiet beauty and rustic composure about the whole scene indicate happiness and plenty. The original is in the possession of Mrs West, and was lately under the eye of the public at the British Institution.

Of the eminent artist who painted it much is known, for he lived near our own times, and was so acceptable to the world in his works that his pictures found their way into almost every gallery in Europe. It is true that some artists, and Lawrence amongst them, excluded his sketches from their collections, and refused to rank him with those distinguished men whom academies consented to call "The Masters." But, as Pope said of his Homer in comparison to that of Tickell, if he had not the court he had the mob on his side. The honours withheld from him by professors had no influence on the world, and his name stands deservedly high with all who admire original talent and variety of character. He may be safely classed with those who have contributed largely to the amusement, nay, the happiness of mankind.

David Teniers was born at Antwerp in the year 1610, and received instructions in drawing and colouring from his father, an artist of some note, who is said to have invented that natural and vigorous style of painting in which his son afterwards excelled. He studied also under Adrian Brouwer, and had the advantage of the precepts and example of Rubens. His style was new, his conceptions were opposed to those ideas called historical, and it was so long before his merit was regarded, that he had to travel to Brussels to dispose of his works among judges who know no rule but nature's, and had the mortification to see the works of artists, now forgotten, purchased with avidity, and at high prices. It happened that the Archduke Leopold saw one of his pictures, he requested to see more, and was so struck with the originality everywhere visible, that he not only promoted the interests of the painter in all matters connected with art, but made him gentleman of his bed chamber, and bestowed upon him the care of his fine gallery of paintings.

The fame of his works soon flew over Europe, the King of Spain admired them so much that he invited Teniers into his service, employed him for several years, and ordered a gallery to be built expressly for the purpose of exhibiting his paintings. Don John, of Austria, likewise patronised him, nor were his merits unfelt by Christina, Queen of Sweden, who gave him, among other marks of favour, a chain of gold, with her portrait set in diamonds. This lavish patronage arose from the originality, truth, and vigour of his performances, and from the subjects which he selected being familiar to all ages, and adapted to the comprehension of all capacities. "He studied nature," says Pilkington, "in every shape, with a most curious and critical observation, and as he generally composed his subjects

from persons in low stations he accustomed himself to frequent their meetings at feasts, sports, and pastimes, and by that means had an opportunity of remarking the simplicity of their manners, and the various actions, attitudes, characters, and passions of every age or sex." From the lowest and most barren topics he could extract the richest materials for his productions, and in scenes where other artists saw nothing but vulgar riot and coarse debauchery, he perceived unlimited humour, boundless fun, and inextinguishable merriment.

His study was mankind, and his scene of action the world around him. He sometimes more than approached the gross, he loved indeed to delineate the tipsy termination of a wedding or a fair in a manner free and vivid, his pictures of drunken gravity, intoxicated fury, boisterous merriment, or social and sedate glee, are all to the life, and quite unequalled in their way. He has been accused of making his figures short and clumsy, he cared little for the elegance of his figures in truth, much of the character which he desired to depict lay in the squat shapes and ludicrous proportions of his rustics' academic forms, and the graces of outline would have been wasted on such clods of the valley,—nay, would have lessened the jollity and rustic conviviality of his groups. Had he changed his Dutch built boors into tipsy Adonises, he would have quenched all mirth and extinguished all humour.

A SEAPORT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

CLAUDE LORRAINE

THIS truly splendid picture is in Her Majesty's collection, it has the clear and serene poetic air of the chief productions of the great painter, and bears no faint resemblance to other works from his pencil in London. We allude to those in the National Gallery, the St Ursula, and, more particularly, the Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba on her way to visit Solomon. But though there is a resemblance in the leading features of the landscape, there are some important points of difference. For saints and eastern queens we have men familiar with barter, brokerage, and pilotage, and for superbly carved galleys with sails of silk, and diffusing from their streamers

'Sabeen o'ours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest,"

we have good ordinary sea worthy ships, returned from some mercantile voyage, and redolent of pitch and bulge water. If we examine the whole scene we shall see that all is, nevertheless, in strict keeping. To deserted temples and forsaken towers, crowned with rank weeds instead of banners, Claude could not well bring gondolas and galleys such as those in which Cleopatra sailed down the Cydnus, but he imagined what will sometimes be found true, that mercantile industry survived aristocratic splendour, and executed his picture accordingly. The lustre of the slow descending sun is delineated with astonishing force and truth, in the art of communicating a tranquil air, or an all but unendurable splendour to his compositions he has never been excelled. Though we are informed that the painter had a Mediterranean seaport in his eye when he painted this picture, it is chiefly a poetic conception, though more like something in existence than is usual with Claude. He was a great master in architecture, his porticos are very finely proportioned, and one of the two in this picture, with square double columns, panelled, ornamented, and placed on single pedestals, is at once elegant and original.

He was born in Lorraine in the year 1600 so little was his genius anticipated that he was apprenticed to a pastrycook, and wrought till he became almost a man at a work which he could not but dislike. When he began to study art those that undertook to teach him considered him rather dull than otherwise. Agostino Tassi afterwards related that it was with great labour he taught him how to prepare

his colours or comprehend the scientific rules of perspective. As soon, however, as he began to master these preliminaries, his mind expanded; his eagerness to excel knew no bounds, and his imagination delighted in poetic delineations, in which some had the sagacity to perceive the rudiments of those matchless compositions which have made him the delight of all nations. In his youth he found his way to Rome, and endeavoured in the academy to acquire a knowledge of the human figure; he succeeded to a certain degree, but never excelled; and his compositions carry with them the reproach of being the work of various hands. In truth the wonderful beauty of his landscapes requires loveliness equal or superior to that of the Apollo and the Venus; his ground seems fit only to be touched by celestial feet, and his air to be fanned by heavenly wings. His pictures are in all things poetical; no one on a journey ever sees a scene which recalls Claude; we behold him sometimes in the summer skies, when

*"The air is mild, the wind is calm,
The stream is smooth, the dew is balm,"*

but we know of nothing earthly so passing lovely as his views of temples, streams, and valleys.

Let no one, however, suppose that he found all this excellence in imagination alone, and that nature had nothing to do with it. On the contrary, it is related of him that he sought to explore the true principles of painting, by an incessant examination of nature, for which purpose he studied in the open fields, where he wrought from sunrise to twilight, taking views of heaven and earth under every influence which he felt might be useful in his compositions. He noted every fine tinge of light; took sketches of the sunbeams dropping from cloud to cloud, and it was his chief delight to see the sun rising or setting on a wide tranquil sea, scattering its long lines of dazzling light on wave and shore, tinging the sea-fowl's wing, the rock, the ruined tower, or the passing sail. On such materials he set his poetic fancy to work, and produced those bright and glorious compositions which may have been equalled, but surely were never surpassed.

Claude has the luck of being one of those landscape painters who pleased the difficult Fuseli; he is of the ten singled out as heirs of fame. We have sometimes differed with the professor in matters of taste or detail, but we agree with him cordially in the following sentiments, which we would advise some of the landscape painters of these our later days to read oftener than once. "The last branch of uninteresting subjects is that kind of landscape entirely occupied with the tame delineation of a given spot; an enumeration of hill and dale, clumps of trees, shrubs, water, meadows, cottages, and houses—what is commonly called views. These, if not assisted by nature, dictated by taste, or chosen for character, may delight the owner of the acres they enclose, the inhabitants of the spot, perhaps the antiquary or the traveller, but to every other eye, they are little more

than topography. The landscape of Titian, of Mola, of Salvator, of the Poussins, Claude, Rubens, Elzheimer, Rembrandt, and Wilson spurns all relation with this kind of map-work. Height, depth, solitude, strike, terrify, absorb, bewilder in their scenery; we tread on classic or romantic ground, or wander through the characteristic groups of rich congenial objects." It is quite certain that an accurate transcript of a scene is not enough for true art, unless the scene is in itself poetic. Nature is excellent, but something more is required; we every day see delineations which we cannot deny are natural, while at the same time we perceive that they want that fine conception and vital warmth and lustre which belong to works of genius.

No one has done more justice to the merits of Claude than Pilkington: "his skies," he observes, "are warm and full of lustre, and every object properly illuminated. His distances are admirable, and in a very delightful union and harmony, not only excite our applause, but our admiration. His invention is pleasing, his colouring delicate, and his tints have such an agreeable sweetness and variety as have been but imperfectly imitated by subsequent artists, but were never equalled. He frequently gave an uncommon tenderness to his finished trees by glazing; and in his large compositions, which he painted in fresco, he was so exact that the distinct species of every tree might readily be distinguished." He conceived the general character of his pictures at once, he laboured upon them with unremitting care; and where he failed to please himself at first, he touched, and re-touched till he came up to the image existing in his mind. He has been observed to hurry home from the fields to communicate to his canvas some fresh beauty which he had just picked up from nature. His pictures are very rare, especially such as are unimpaired by time: and though the price they bring is enormous, it is not considered by the world as superior to their merit. He died at the age of eighty-two, leaving a fame which will not likely suffer an early eclipse.



Down



TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL

REMBRANDT

To admit little light and give that little a wonderful brilliancy is the chief merit which Reynolds notices in the pictures of Rembrandt—to this he might have added vigour of expression, though no doubt it is subordinate to the effect of his light and shade. There is a strange vigour impressed on all his works, yet it is more startling than natural—he refused indeed to take nature as he found her—her fine memories he could not improve, nor exalt her grandeur—it was his pleasure to look upon her as man never looked before, and the consequence is that his labours often astonish, but seldom entirely please those who compare the offspring of talent with that of truth. By admitting a strong light through a small space—like a sunbeam through an auger bore, he produced an unnatural mixture of the bright and the dark, but in doing this Rembrandt was playing tricks with light and shade, and using the elements of art rather as a slight of hand man than a true painter. When, however, the first flush of our surprise is over, we cannot fail to perceive that amid all this legerdemain there is a vast deal of nature united with that astonishing splendour of colouring which so many have tried to emulate. Amid all the violence of his contrasts there is a well sustained harmony—he reconciles the strongest oppositions. He nevertheless made no experiments on the human figure—he took man as he found him—his Dutch proportions were to him what the Chinese rules of sculpture are to them producing deformity, rather than divinity.

The work before us is in the National Gallery. The figures which it contains are not free from the reproach which we have mentioned, while its light and shade scarcely startle us so much as our description indicates. The demi-divine nature of the subject perhaps sobered down the extravagance of the painter a little. It is taken from the book of Tobit, and embodies those verses of the fifth chapter in which Tobias the son of Tobit, and the angel Raphael arrive at the banks of the Tigris on their way to Ecbatana. It is true that the apochryphal scriptures—if we may use such a term—represent the angel as concealing his glories under the form and garb of a servant hired for the journey, and allow him nowhere, save at the denouement of the adventure, to intimate his real character or the object of his mission. The licence of invention, however, permitted him to appear what he was, in all other eyes save those of his companion—and were it not for his wings

and a certain brightness of presence we should not imagine him to be allied to aught heavenly. Tobias is a squat person, and not at all of a presence likely to attract the notice of maidens difficult to please: but the lady for whom his journey is undertaken had been widowed seven times: her losses had made her easy to satisfy in the matter of beauty and shape: besides, as none of her bridegrooms survived the first night, she might think that any shape was good enough for the evil spirit to make such short experiments upon. The passage which relates this is a singular one.

13 Then the young man answered the Angel, I have heard, brother Azarias, that this maid hath been given to seven men, who all died in the marriage chamber.

14 And now I am the only son of my father, and I am afraid, lest, if I go in unto her, I die, as the other before: for a wicked spirit loveth her, which hurteth nobody, but those which come unto her: wherefore I also fear lest I die, and bring my father's and my mother's life because of me to the grave with sorrow: for they have no other son to bury them.

15. Then the Angel said unto him, Dost thou not remember the precepts which thy father gave thee, that thou shouldst marry a wife of thine own kindred? wherefore hear me, O my brother, for she shall be given thee to wife; and make thou no reckoning of the Evil Spirit, for this same night shall she be given thee in marriage.

16. And when thou shalt come into the marriage chamber, thou shalt take the ashes of perfume, and shalt lay upon them some of the heart and liver of the fish (*one caught miraculously in the Tigris*) and shalt make a smoke with it:

17. And the Devil shall smell it, and flee away, and never come again any more: but when thou shalt come unto her, rise up both of you, and pray to God which is merciful, who will have pity on you, and save you: fear not, for she is appointed unto thee from the beginning, and thou shalt preserve her, and she shall go with thee. TOUR, chap vi

This fine passage is worthy of a more imaginative painter than Rembrandt; it was present to the mind of Milton once at least in his noble poem of *Paradise Lost*. The genuine works of this eminent master are very rare: a considerable number are in England: his portraits are in great request: but though admirable for likeness and looks of life they are deficient in grace and elevation, though touched with inexpressible fire and spirit.

THE END